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THE STANDARD.

THE BROWN INVASION.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

NORTHERN PRO-SLAVERY PLEAS FOR CLEMENCY.

From The Journal of Commerce.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH JOHN BROWN AND HIS SURVIVING ASSOCIATES?—Our readers will have inferred from what we have already said that we should be sorry to see these infatuated men put to death, however much they may deserve it. We should deeply regret it if the Executive of Virginia should not interfere to prevent this event. We have confidence in Governor Wise in relation to this matter. He may be too rash sometimes in his judgment, but we are sure that he is a man of humane and generous feelings. John Brown, "Old Brown of Osawatomie," as he is called, deserves to die. Let him have a fair trial and be condemned to death, as he well merits, but let Executive clemency commute his punishment into life-long imprisonment in the Penitentiary, at hard work. Let the same punishment be inflicted on his guilty associates. Virginia can afford to show this clemency. She has nothing to lose by it.

If we are asked why we are opposed to putting these wicked men to death, we would say that we are opposed to it on three grounds. *First:* Because it would convert them into *martyrs* in the estimation of many misguided people. Death has a wonderful effect in such cases. It often makes men *martyrs* for very insufficient reasons. But imprisonment for life at hard labor would only make them *felons*. Few men sympathize with the felon; almost all have tears to shed for the martyr. John Brown should not be made a martyr; he is not worthy of it. In the *second* place, the putting of these miserable men to death, in the present excited state of public feeling, would exasperate, instead of giving time for cool reflection. The latter is what is now needed by the masses of the people in all sections of our country. And in the third place, the imprisonment of these men for life, and hard labor, would answer all the ends of justice. Most of the band of desperadoes were killed in the struggle. Their weak and foolish attempt demonstrated that the slaves around Harper's Ferry, in Virginia and Maryland, are attached and faithful to their masters; there is therefore nothing to be gained by inaugurating a system of *terrorism*, when it is so manifestly unnecessary.

For these reasons—we might assign more if the occasion required it—we do most earnestly hope that the Executive of Virginia will not allow matters to be pushed to an extremity. It often holds of the *execution* of the law as of the *nature* of the law, that the old legal axiom is true:

Summum jus summa injuria.

Let moderate and generous counsels now prevail, and not vindictive and blind feeling.

With regard to those Abolitionists, whether in the ranks of the Republicans or of the *Northern Disunionists* (as the partisans of William Lloyd Garrison, Gerrit Smith, *et id omne genus*, ought long ago to have been denominated), who may be shown, in the course of the trial of Brown and his associates, to have been privy to this base act of conspiracy, we would be sorry to see the Governor of Virginia demanding their surrender at the hands of the Governors of the States within whose limits they live. In the present state of feeling, it is not likely that any prominent man would be given up. And if given up, it is not at all probable that their complicity could be established by such evidence as the law-courts demand, although there might be evidence enough to convince nine-tenths of the fair-minded men in the country that they have been guilty. Better far that they should rest under the infamy which well-founded opinion will attach to them. That will be found in the long run to be no trifling punishment. And let, too, the country see to what end tend the doctrines and the theories of some of the great leaders (for we are far from being disposed to impute these doctrines to the party itself) of the Republicans. It is high time that the country should look at this matter most seriously. The great bulk of the Republican party are honest and patriotic men; but what are we to think of the teachings of some of their leaders, for the last few years? Of their dark, their unguarded and even enigmatical expressions, their insinuations, their sinister prophecies? What *can* we think of them but as eminently dangerous, calculated to excite discord, to foment division! Yes, and to enkindle the zeal of the wild fanatic, and to teach him to nerve his arm to handle the dagger and wield the torch.

From The N. Y. Times.

THE FATE OF BROWN.—We are glad to see that the *Journal of Commerce* urges the wisdom and good policy of committing Brown and his associate convicts to the Virginia Penitentiary instead of hanging them. The *Journal* will scarcely be suspected, even in Virginia, of giving such advice from any feeling of sympathy with these men, or any lack of detestation for their crime. It is, doubtless, governed by the same motives which would prompt the ultra Abolitionists to the opposite course, and lead them to desire the execution of Brown as the best possible service which could be done to their cause.

As the matter stands now, the whole mass of the Northern people, with the exception of the most ultra Abolitionists (and their numbers are pitifully small), are unanimous in cordial condemnation of this invasion, and of any violent crusade against slavery in the Southern States. There is no difference of opinion upon this subject in this section of the country. Men of all parties, and of all shades of opinion on the general question of slavery, look with unfeigned horror and detestation upon any armed invasion of the South, or any attempt to excite Southern slaves to insurrection. At the same time it cannot be doubted that Brown's personal bearing throughout his trial, his courage, his courtesy, his perfect self-possession, and his evident conviction of the rightfulness of his acts, have awakened a personal sympathy for him, even in the hearts of those who most detest his principles and his conduct. His execution would deepen this feeling immensely and would give the active Abolitionists fresh ground for renewing their appeals to public sympathy and support. They would have an accession of *martyrs* to their cause—and in any crusade of fanaticism martyrdom is infinitely the most available weapon which its enemies can devise or its friends desire.

The only conclusive reason for the execution of these men would be that their continued existence is incompatible with the safety of the State of Virginia. Fears would be entertained of attempts at rescue, and in the present excited state of the public mind the mere possibility of such an event would doubtless cause a general and painful anxiety. But after this excitement shall have passed away, we cannot believe that the State of Virginia will make any such proclamation of her weakness or her fears as the execution of these men, for such a reason, would imply. She is certainly strong enough to undertake the custody of criminals, of whatever character, within her borders. And even if Brown and his associates were to be turned loose again and sent home to the North, we do not believe them capable of inflicting half as much injury in their lives as would be caused by their deaths.

The great want of the public mind upon this subject is freedom from excitement and agitation. So far as the North is concerned, public sentiment was never in a healthier condition than it is at present. If Gov. Wise and the prominent public men of Virginia appreciate the importance to their own interests of perpetuating this state of things, they will abstain from any needless acts calculated to disturb it.

From The N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

The law of Virginia is vindicated when Brown is convicted. The infliction of the sentence that law imposes is a question of expediency. It always is, or the prerogative of pardon or commutation would not be invested in the Executive. If Brown were not the fanatic that he is, the argument of policy could not be urged, perhaps, against his execution. But being what he is, and looking to the examples which history abundantly supplies, there can be no impropriety in suggesting to the Governor of Virginia that the commutation of his sentence to imprisonment, or even his pardon and banishment from Virginia, would be as sound policy as it would be commendable magnanimity. Thus would the ardor of all such fanatics be damped, and thus would Virginia give proof of what her people and journals assert, that she has no fears that her slaves can be beguiled, and that she is perfectly competent to protect herself and them from the interference of lawless men.

From The Philadelphia Ledger.

JOHN BROWN'S CONDEMNATION.—John Brown has been convicted of treason and murder in Virginia, and been sentenced to be hanged in December next. It may, perhaps, be considered intrusive by Virginians for citizens of other States to volunteer any suggestions in respect to the infliction of the sentence, but as a matter of policy on the part of Virginia, and as a means of saving her much annoyance hereafter from fanatics, inspired with notions similar to those which Brown entertains, a commutation of his punishment would seem to be a proper exercise of Executive clemency. Brown has caused the death of several citizens of Virginia, through his misguided attempt to raise insurrection in that State; but it is evident, from the circumstances attending this crime, that it was not done in the fell spirit of murder, or from any malice or enmity to those individuals. It was an act incident to the mistaken motives of duty which seem to completely control his conduct. A fanatic in his views, and acting under the higher-law promptings which have been enforced as the rule of action from so many of our pulpits, Brown really regards himself as one of the human agents employed by Heaven to administer moral justice in the world. Hence he sees no enormity in his crimes, and rather glories in his misfortunes, as entitling him to the character of a martyr in the cause of justice and of right. There are many persons, of the same peculiarity of mind, who would look upon his death as the noblest vindication of his faith in the principles he professes, and the highest sacrifice he could make to the cause of humanity and justice. These persons would be inspired by Brown's execution with tenfold anti-slavery zeal; and, as the risks are but few and the opportunities many for carrying on their work successfully, they would be a greater annoyance and danger than ever to the border slave States, in spite of all the vigilance of the authorities of those States to protect themselves from such criminal encroachments. Revenge for Brown's death would be added to the hatred of slavery, and continual activity on the part of these zealots would add to the losses, if not increase the dangers, of slaveholders. As an example to these persons, then, Brown's execution would be a failure, and provocative only to new outrages against the peace of Virginia; as an act of vindictiveness merely, his death would afford the best evidence to the abolition fanatics that they had inspired the Commonwealth of Virginia with fear, and this fact would reanimate them in their work. Simply, then, as a matter of policy, might not Gov. Wise spare the life of this weak old enthusiast, and save him from historic consecration as a martyr to human liberty, which his friends evidently intend for him. Even those who are endeavoring to throw off the responsibility of complicity with his acts will strive hard to make political capital out of his death, and John Brown's martyrdom would be preached from Maine to Kansas, from all the anti-slavery pulpits and every political stump on the way. Virginia has really no need to exhibit the least vindictiveness; and by showing that she is above any such feeling, she will entitle herself to the respect as well as the sympathy of all her right-minded neighbors. Old John Brown in a lunatic asylum would cease to be a hero, and all the preparations already made for agitation, in anticipation of his death on the gallows, would be spoiled.

[The foregoing articles are but specimens of many that have appeared in Northern pro-slavery journals. In what spirit they are received at the South may be seen from what follows.]

THE CRY OF THE SOUTH FOR VENGEANCE.

From The Richmond Enquirer.*

IN replying to so strange a "suggestion" as the New York *Advertiser* to Governor Wise, we do not wish to be understood as implying the existence of any reason therein. We notice it for other purposes. We desire to call the attention of the *Advertiser*, and others of the Northern press, to the consistency of asking favors from those so greatly wronged and so grossly outraged as have been the people of Virginia. We allude not to Brown and his co-conspirators, whether in the Charlestown jail, awaiting the awful retribution of their crimes, or sojourning in safety beyond the jurisdiction of Virginia laws. We allude to the insults and wrongs, to the falsehoods and slanders uttered by the Republican allies of the *Advertiser* against the Executive and people of Virginia. The laws of Virginia had been violated, her citizens, in their peaceful homes, brutally murdered, and the Executive of the State, in the discharge of his duty, repaired to the spot to protect the people and enforce the laws, for which act the people of Virginia are characterized as cowards and cravens, and her Executive abused and slandered. And now, when the brigands are captured, and, after a fair trial, are convicted, the *Advertiser*, one of the very papers which has espoused the cause of the chief concocters of this murder and pillage, suggests that the Governor of Virginia pardon the culprits, *from policy*. Ingratiate himself with the sympathizers with robbery and murder by pardoning the chief of marauders and murderers! Pardon Brown for *policy!!* A cunning policy does the *Advertiser* suggest. Pardon the *principal* and permit the *accessories* to escape! Extend clemency to Brown and forgiveness to Seward, Hale, Giddings, Smith and Greeley! The *Advertiser* begs the Executive of Virginia not to make a martyr of Brown; that, being a fanatic, he is insane, certainly, to some degree; and our New York cotemporary fears direful consequences will spring from his execution; that as the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church, so from the grave of John Brown the *Advertiser* fears a crop of armed fanatics may spring up, destructive to Virginia and the South. It would perhaps have been more to the point to have shown that the pardon of Brown would have lessened the number of existing fanatics rather than by suggesting their increase from a due course of justice. But we apprehend the Executive of Virginia will not turn an attentive ear to suggestions coming from such a source as the New York *Commercial Advertiser*. The Republican party, of which the *Advertiser* is an organ, is too deeply implicated in the actions of their chief leaders to offer suggestions with regard to the just punishment of one of their number.

The Constitution of Virginia has placed the mercy seat in the enlightened conscience of her Executive; and that the high prerogative of pardon has not been mercilessly exercised, we point to a long list of Executive clemencies that grace the administration of Gov. Wise. But in all the pardons granted by him, neither the crime nor the motives of Brown find any place. To cool and calculating crime, to murder, pillage and plunder, to servile war and its attendant horrors, the Executive of Virginia will always turn a deaf ear, and soil not the robes of mercy with the crime of permitting such wickedness to go unpunished.

Violated laws and murdered citizens demand a victim at the hand of justice; if Brown is a crazed fanatic, irresponsible either in morals or law, there are yet guilty parties. He is then the agent of wicked principals. If the Northern people believe Brown insane, what punishment is due to those who have poisoned his mind with the "irrepressible conflict" and spurred his fanaticism to deeds of blood and carnage? He may be insane, but there are other *criminals*, guilty wretches, who instigated the crimes perpetrated at Harper's Ferry. Bring these men, bring Seward, Greeley, Giddings, Hale and Smith to the jurisdiction of Virginia, and Brown and his deluded victims in the Charlestown jail may hope for pardon. In the opinion of Virginia the five Republican leaders above mentioned are more guilty than even John Brown and his associates. An ignorant fanaticism may be pleaded in palliation of the crime of Brown, but the five Republican leaders would spurn such a stultifying plea! They would not compromise their intelligence even at the cost of their morality. Let the friends of Brown, let all who believe him to be insane, and all who intend to represent him as a crazy fanatic, for whose folly no party is responsible, deliver up Seward, Greeley, Giddings, Smith and Hale. A fair trial, at their own time, with their own counsel, will be freely given them; and if Virginia does not prove them guilty, they too shall go unhurt.

* Edited by a son of Gov. Wise.

From the same.

THE PRESIDENCY FOR A PARDON.—The extravagant offer made for a horse at the battle of Bosworth has been more than overdone in the effort for the pardon of Brown. The Presidency is the offer now made to the Executive of Virginia for an unjustifiable exercise of Executive clemency. An article in this issue of the *Enquirer*, from our cotemporary, the *Richmond Dispatch*, will give some idea of the efforts now being made to effect the pardon of John Brown. Many of the letters therein alluded to make their appeal through the fears of personal violence, but the most of them appeal to the magnanimity, the kind-heartedness and *the ambition* of the Executive. How little is the character of the present Executive understood by those who suppose that either fear or ambition could lead him to an act so repugnant to every just man.

The effort is not confined to the Black Republican journals, but, we regret to see, even the New York *Journal of Commerce* joins the mistaken cry for clemency, and its reasons imply that a living *martyr*, at "hard work for life," is less dangerous than a dead martyr; that the penitentiary makes a man more of a felon than the gallows; and that "misguided people" sympathize more with the forgotten dead than with the suffering, hard-working, confined living.

To us it appears that John Brown, at hard labor, would be a continual source of supply for abolition fanaticism; that his groans would resound from Richmond to Eastport, and from the James river to the St. Lawrence; that every meeting of the Black Republican and Abolition parties would herald forth resolutions for his liberation; that the stump, in every election, from a constable to the Presidency, would be redolent with praises of his heroism and curses upon his imprisonment. No so with John Brown executed.

He has forfeited his life, and, though possessed of many traits of character that were worthy of a better fate, pity and commiseration are closed against the murderer of Turner, Beckham, &c.

"Vindictive and blind feeling" has characterized no part of this trial, and we can appeal to the world that neither "indecent haste," harsh treatment or any wrong has been offered to the prisoners. A speedy, but fair, trial was demanded by all the circumstances. A grievous wrong had been done, and quick retribution was necessary. Threats of rescue were freely made, and the prisoner, by a bold and impudent effrontery, held out the belief that hope of relief was still entertained.

This effort to defeat the end of justice implies a fear of the fanatics on the part of those who urge this strange request. As Virginia and the South have more occasion to fear the miscreants the execution of Brown may excite to similar deeds of rashness and folly, we desire to be left to our own course for similar cases in the future.

Virginia will execute Brown and his associates, and feels herself able to meet all the consequences that may arise from that act.

From The Richmond Dispatch.

THREATENING AND APPEALING LETTERS TO GOV. WISE.—The Governor of Virginia, whose energetic, patriotic and prudent conduct in regard to the Harper's Ferry outrage commands universal approval, is in the daily receipt of a large number of letters from Abolitionists in various States, threatening his life, threatening an attempt to rescue old Brown, and threatening the renewal of like attempts to those of Brown if Gov. Wise does not pardon the miscreant who has just been convicted of his crimes, and who will be put to the death he deserves, as surely as to-morrow's sun rises in heaven. These letters speak of the increasing number of the Abolitionists, of their ability to perform what they threaten, and of the "*murderous eye*," to use the language of one of them, with which they watch the progress of Brown's trial. They wind up generally with holding out to the Governor great popularity at the North if he will deal leniently with the criminals. From all quarters in the Northern and Western States these letters come, written in every variety of style and of penmanship; but all breathing threats of rescue or of vengeance, in case Brown and his followers are executed.

These letters, however, might be treated in ordinary times with utter contempt, but for the illustration which Old Brown has recently given of the truth of Sam Patch's maxim, that "some things can be done as well as others." But these are not the only nor the most important and dignified of the documents with which the Governor's mail is daily loaded. From some of the most intelligent and respectable sources in the non-slaveholding States come letters full of respect and courtesy, some of them evidently free from all sinister motive or influence, invoking the Governor to pardon Brown. The ground of good feeling is urged as the reason of their recommendation; the enemies of the Constitution, who are chagrined by the exposure of their crimes, will have no chance of recovering the influence they have lost; Virginia and her Governor will be everywhere hailed with universal love and gratitude.

One of the writers says that, if the Governor could be on the ground and see the state of sentiment in the non-slaveholding States upon this subject, he would not hesitate for an instant. All this explains the sympathizing tone of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, to which we referred yesterday, hitherto a conservative paper, but which seems now to be infected by the general madness. The writers of these letters underrate the sagacity, firmness and character of the Virginian at the head of this great Commonwealth, when they address to him such appeals. In the most cold-blooded and deliberate malice and wickedness, John Brown has committed the greatest crimes known to human law, and now they who instigated his crimes threaten vengeance if he is punished, and men whose morbid sympathies are always enlisted in behalf of suffering villany insist that it would be good policy to let him go. It would neither be good policy nor good *principle*—a thing which there seems to be precious little idea of, in the minds of many of these sympathizers.

But why these sympathizing letters? Some of them are from men high in wealth and position, and who are themselves strongly suspected of a willingness to make money out of Southern blood. They are uneasy in their own minds; their conscience tells them that Brown is in his present position through that agency; that he is only their tool and instrument, and that not only the blood shed at Harper's Ferry is on their hands, but the life of Old Brown and his confederates also. Hence their anxiety to rescue him from the fate impending over his head. We do not say that all the letters from influential quarters received by Gov. Wise are prompted by this motive; but some of them undoubtedly are. We would suggest to sympathizers of this stamp the only mode of approaching the Governor of Virginia which affords them the smallest chance of receiving even a hearing. Let them offer their own precious necks in the place of Brown. Their conscience tells them that if he dies, they are guilty of his death. Let them come on and offer to die in his place! Let some of the Boston speculators in Southern cotton try the merits of this system of exchanges. We venture to say that if they will draw on Southern hemp, the draft will be immediately honored, and the bonds of union pulled so tight that they will never again breathe a disloyal and traitorous breath.

From The same.

THE FATE OF BROWN.—The N. Y. *Journal of Commerce* has an intimation that, perhaps, the State of Virginia, in its majesty and power, having vindicated its honor, put down the invasion, and brought the desperado Brown and his associates to justice, will exercise its mercy in the pardon of the prisoners.

We must confess our surprise at such an intimation in a quarter distinguished as conservative and patriotic. But we are more than ever convinced that the whole gang of outlaws should have been executed as soon as taken. Hereafter, when an attempt like that at Harper's Ferry is renewed, let the "higher law" of Abolitionism be met by the "higher law" of self-preservation, and the ruffians have a short shrift and a long rope. The conduct of Capt. Mackenzie, on board the brig Somers, in hanging at once the midshipman Spencer and his two followers, who had attempted to get possession of the vessel and convert her into a pirate, was approved by his government and by the common sense of mankind.

There are occasions and times when apparent rashness is the truest prudence, and when it is wise and safe to follow impulse rather than reflection. We have little doubt that Brown himself and all his confederates at the North were surprised that he was permitted to live ten minutes after his capture, and that this noble moderation and forbearance are misconstrued by Abolitionists into fear, and have given rise to vain expectations of his pardon in the minds of those who sympathize with murderers and pirates, though not with their crimes. It is unnecessary to say that the human mind never entertained a more insane delusion than the expectation of Brown's pardon, and that the only regret is that Seward, Giddidge and his other confederates have not ventured their own necks within reach of the same halter.

From The Newbern (N. C.) Progress.

ARE WE TO HAVE ANOTHER SICKLES FARCE?—We believe in law and order; we believe especially in the observance of law; but there are cases when we think *lynching* becomes a moral institution, and where all slow processes and forms should give way to it. Such an instance, in our opinion, was furnished recently in the Harper's Ferry riot, and, in our judgment, old Brown and his associates who escaped the slaughter should have been suspended from the nearest tree.

But such a practical opportunity for us to teach abolition fanatics a lesson was lost—they were not lynched—but are now undergoing the *form* of a trial at Charlestown, Va. There are no extenuating circumstances in the case. Why, then, if justice is to be meted out to them, does the Court adjourn over from day to day without doing anything? Is it simply to give Brown time to get all the *distinguished* abolition lawyers of the North at the scene of the farce, or is it to allow other fanatics in the North time to collect, by thousands, for the purpose of attempting a rescue? The simple fact that there are parties at Boston, New York and other places who will advance means to employ counsel is evidence that the slavery agitation is to be kept up by these agitating fanatics with redoubled fury. Unless all law is to be trampled under foot, what can be urged in defence of these traitorous murderers? Nothing at all. Why, then, the necessity for a trial extending through days, and perhaps weeks, and the continuation of an excitement of which all sensible people have become sick, tired and disgusted? Is this trial to be prolonged with any possibility of the chance of an acquittal of the prisoner?—or is it continued that the telegraph may be employed and the press of the country furnished with sensation items?

We expected, and we doubt not but the people of Virginia and the country expected, that, when these conspirators were arraigned, the whole proceedings would be gone through with and the demons executed in less than forty-eight hours. The keeping of an armed force around the jail and court-house where these prisoners are kept and being tried is not only annoying to the peaceable citizens in that vicinity, but it is a considerable expense to the people of Virginia; and if the court is deterred from hurrying the excitement through to its termination by abolition threats or sympathy for Brown and his comrades, we think the sooner the *people* take them in hand and execute the judgment already rendered by the great Southern public, the better.

From The Petersburg (Va.) Intelligencer.

BROWN AND PHILLIPS—SUBSTITUTION.—It is not improbable that old Brown's Harper's Ferry rebellion was prompted by the ambition to become an anti-slavery martyr. His ferocious feats in Kansas had been so extravagantly commended by the Abolitionists, and he had himself become so exalted in his own eyes, that he had conceived, in his old age, the idea of attempting a rebellion among the slaves in Virginia—a rebellion which, whether successful or not, was almost certain to result in giving him that notoriety which was the moving cause of his exertions. He longed for the glory attending a fanatical scheme to free the slaves, or for a death which would raise a wail among his Abolition sympathizers; and it is pleasant to reflect that his desires, in this last respect, are to be so soon realized. Indeed, the very promptness with which his expectations are to be realized seems to have alarmed the Abolitionists of the North, and hence every mail is said to be filled with appeals to Gov. Wise not to let Old Brown be hung, and holding out the immense weight of popularity which would accrue to him, as a Presidential aspirant, if he should only grant a reprieve to the victim of their wicked machinations. Now, we have no idea that Gov. Wise intends to interfere with the operation of the law in this case. Brown, having been convicted, will certainly and speedily be hung, unless some of those vile fanatics, who have hurried him along to his awful fate, shall consent to take his place upon the scaffold. Already it has been suggested that Wendell Phillips, a violent abolition fanatic—one who is supposed to have been instrumental in giving Brown the "bloody instructions" which he has followed—should substitute himself for old Brown, in which event the world would still have the benefit of seeing an instigator of servile insurrection hung.

PHILLIPS ON JOHN BROWN.

From The N. Y. Times.

WENDELL PHILLIPS addressed a large, respectable, incredulous, half-sympathizing and wholly delighted audience last evening in Brooklyn, upon John Brown's invasion of Virginia for the emancipation of her slaves. Judged purely as a literary performance, his lecture was admirable—clear in statement, simple and strong in its language and style, abounding alike in classical allusions and in platform anecdotes, and delivered with an easy grace, in a soft, sweet voice and with just enough force to indicate earnestness without ever running into rant or mere declamation. Mr. Phillips said he had been speaking upon these and kindred topics for twenty years; the polish and the perfect method of his discourse prove that the practice of that twenty years has not been wasted.

Knowing the general curiosity (for it amounts to nothing more) which would be felt just at the present to know what Mr. Phillips would have to say upon this subject, we present a full report of his lecture in our columns this morning. Nobody, we presume, will be disappointed at its general tenor. Mr. P. himself, with considerable sagacity, predicted that it would be denounced by the New York press as wholesale vituperation; but he did both himself and the press scanty justice in this prediction. It was too sophistical—perhaps we may safely say, too plausible—to be thus dismissed.

Mr. Phillips first brought the general complaint against the American people that they were afraid to govern their public conduct by simple faith in individual man, and sought to prop up the social fabric by laws, and churches, and social habits and constitutions—against all which devices of the old-world civilization he launched the polished arrows of his keen, sarcastic sneers. He then proceeded to say that John Brown was the only American who had acted boldly up to the true American idea, cast aside all these false and fatal wrappings of an *effete* conservatism, and refused to regard anything as government, or any statute as law, except those which conformed to his own sense of justice and of right. Virginia was not a State—Mr. Wise was not a Governor—the Union was not a nation; all these so-called governments were organized piracies, and John Brown was to-day the only real and true government on the soil of Virginia, and had an infinitely better right to hang Gov. Wise than Gov. Wise had to hang him. This was the argument of the lecture. Presented with clearness and skill, diversified by sarcasms and invectives of intense and remorseless bitterness, and delivered with a silvery sweetness alike of voice and of manner, in most striking contrast with the blazing ferocity of the sentiments uttered, it was impossible to avoid the charm and fascination of the discourse, or be blind, for a moment, to the utter hollowness and falsity of the principle inculcated.

The audience was evidently made up largely of anti-slavery men; but they had been in the habit of bringing too much common sense to the discussion of the subject to be misled by the sarcasms of Mr. Phillips. He had their acquiescence in his abstract propositions—their cordial sympathy and applause in what he said of the courage and manly bearing of Brown himself—their prompt laughter at his well-told anecdotes—and their keen intellectual relish of his biting invectives and his gilded sneers. But not a dozen out of the thousands who heard him gave any assent to his diatribes against the Union, his sneers at Washington, or his prophetic declarations that the movement of Brown was only the first gun which, like that at Lexington, was speedily to usher in a War of Independence. Nor were any of them, we presume, quite so far removed from the common realities of life as to suppose that anything like government is possible on the basis of mere faith in individual man—or that even an advanced American society is prepared as yet to dispense with laws and constitutions, and to let every man become his own John Brown. There may, perhaps, come a state of the world in which such things may be possible: but neither Mr. Phillips nor any of those who heard him will live to see it. So long as human nature remains what it is, we suspect we shall always find some other government necessary than that of the sidewalk; for, if all other is abandoned, the sidewalk itself will become intolerable.

BAD NEWS FOR THE ABOLITIONISTS.

From The N. Y. Herald.

OUR special Richmond despatch informs us that it has been decided on by the Virginia authorities to hand over Cooke—John Brown's lieutenant—to be tried by the Federal Court in the Harper's Ferry district. The object of this is to have Seward, Greeley, Sanborn, Wilson, Hale, Forbes, Gerrit Smith, and all others who were implicated in the conspiracy, or who are known to have been in the secrets of the conspirators, subpœnaed as witnesses and placed on the stand to tell all they know in the matter. They are outside the jurisdiction of the Virginia State Courts, but not of the Federal Courts.

Gerrit Smith, it seems, was anxious, after the failure of his "Kansas work," to unburthen his mind and make a full statement to the public, confessing his own connection with the Harper's Ferry outrage, and showing up the part taken in it by all the Black Republicans and Abolitionists of New York and New England; but his friends restrained him and induced him to keep quiet. If the plan intimated by our Richmond correspondent be carried out, the Peterboro' philanthropist will have a legitimate opportunity afforded him of telling "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

We do sincerely hope, therefore, that the Federal and the Virginia authorities will arrive at a prompt understanding on this matter, have Cooke put on trial before a District Judge of the United States, and process issued to compel the attendance of all persons in this section of the country whose names have been associated with the traitorous and murderous acts of Osawatomie Brown. We will then know to what extent Seward, Sumner, Smith, Lawrence, Greeley & Co., were aiders and abettors in this villanous conspiracy. Hurry up the indictments. * * * * In this path of treason Brown and Wendell Phillips are but a step in advance of Seward and Horace Greeley; these are closely followed by Corwin and Wilson, and behind them march the rest of the party, all advancing on the same broad way of treason to the Constitution and murder of their fellow-citizens. * * * * The speeches of the black Republican leaders, such as Wendell Phillips, Tom Corwin, Senator Wilson and others, at the present time, sustaining and defending, as they do, the insurrectionary acts of John Brown, are nothing better than incentives to rebellion.

If the Southern States should take it into their heads that this is the course which will be pursued in the event of a Republican candidate being elected to the Presidency next year, they may at once secede from the Union. They have only to call a convention in some Southern city, refuse to send Senators or Representatives to Congress, declare themselves an independent nation, organize an army for the protection of their frontiers from the raids of the Northern Abolitionists, make a treaty of recognition with England, and thus break up this Confederation altogether. There is nothing to prevent them from doing this; and if they do, what will become of the trade and commerce of the North—of New York and Boston, and other large cities? This is a significant question, which the preachers of revolution ought to answer.

THE INSURRECTION.

From The Charleston (S. C.) Mercury.

EVENTS are often important, not on account of their immediate magnitude, but on account of their significancy. A pimple on the cheek may be a very trifling disorder; but if it betokens erysipelas, it is the indication of disease which may be fatal. And so it is in the political world. The importance of any event, however insignificant in itself, must be measured by the principle it involves or the policy it indicates. For twenty-five years the Northern people have been keeping up a continual agitation in the Union concerning the institution of slavery. They have broken up our churches; they have run off our slaves; they have excluded us from our territory on the ground that the institution of slavery is too iniquitous to expand, and they have now organized a vast controlling party in the Northern States, looking to the possession of the general government to further their purposes of emancipation. All along, we have heard put forth profuse professions that no interference with the institution of slavery in the Southern States was intended or contemplated, although every principle they asserted led them just as much to overthrow slavery in the States as in our Territories. The constitutional and moral views which they bring forward to justify their policy, most logically and clearly, must make them emancipationists. Here, then, is the great importance of this abolition émeute in Virginia. It shows to the people of the South the destiny which awaits them in this Union, under the control of a sectional anti-slavery party in the free States. It is fact coming to the aid of logic. It is the legitimate fruit of the Union as it is. It is a significant sign of progress. Taken in connection with the past, it is a portentous omen of the future.

So far from creating any surprise, we do not suppose that there is a thoughtful man in the South who has not been anticipating, for years past, such events as those which lately transpired at Harper's Ferry. Our connection with the North is a standing instigation of insurrection in the South. Instead of that "domestic tranquillity" which the Constitution of the United States openly asserts that it was established to insure, Congress is a vast abolition conventicle, and the Union itself a powerful organization by which domestic disquietude is created and the mightiest dangers impend over the South. Instead of "tranquillity" and protection, hostility and insurrection are now its natural fruits. The Harper's Ferry invasion, therefore, if wisely considered, is of vast significancy, and should lead the people of the South to prepare for those future events, of which this is only the premonition.

* * * * * *

It is no answer to say that the diabolical incendiaries who can, in cold blood, get up such a scheme for our destruction are comparatively few in numbers in the North. It is enough for us to know that, few or many, they have, by the Constitution of the United States, the right to come among us, to live among us, and in their good time carry out their purposes; and, even if their purposes should fail again and again, and scaffold after scaffold shall drip with their gore, the elements of mischief and trouble may survive them, and give new impulse to future adventurers and fanatics. The great source of the evil is that we are under one government with these people—that by the Constitution they deem themselves responsible for the institution of slavery, and, therefore, they seek to overthrow it. They do not plot insurrections for Cuba or Brazil. If we had a separate government of our own, the Post-Office, all the avenues of intercourse, the police and military of the country, would be under our exclusive control. Abolitionism would die out at the North, or its adherents would have to operate in the South as foreign emissaries, in a country armed and prepared to exclude their intercourse or arrest their designs and punish their intervention. As it is, the "irrepressible conflict" of Seward is destined to go on, although it may be checked and suppressed by repeated failures, until one of two things shall take place—the Union shall be dissolved or slavery shall be abolished. The experience of the last twenty-five years, of ignominious toleration and concession by the South, with the lights of the present reflected on them, show to the most bigoted Unionist that there is no peace for the South in the Union from the forbearance or respect of the North. The South must control her own destinies or perish.

WENDELL PHILLIPS'S LECTURE.

From The Richmond (Va.) Enquirer.

IN this issue of the *Enquirer* our readers will find the last manifesto of treason preached or lectured by Wendell Phillips, in Brooklyn. In the present excited condition of public sentiment, with two men already condemned to death for treason, and four others imprisoned and awaiting trial, with very many others at large, liable to be demanded by the Executive of the State and brought to trial, it was hoped that no man would fan the flame of disunion by uttering sentiments calculated to rouse sectional feelings to a point of actual outbreak. But this man Phillips, with the *security* which distance affords, preaches, in the city of Brooklyn, the treason and crime we insert in to-day's *Enquirer*. The importance of this lecture is due more to the fact that it was listened to and applauded than to the man who delivered it, or the sentiments it contains.

Falsehood and treason lose none of their infamy because of the novelty in which they are expressed, or the impudence with which they are avowed; and Mr. Phillips is none the less criminal because the citizens of Brooklyn laughed at and applauded his falsehood and treason.

Mr. Phillips and John Brown, the apostle and the martyr of negro-stealing and deliberate murder, are not agreed in "*the Lesson of the Hour*." The apostle Phillips falsely styles the Harper's Ferry émeute an "Insurrection," and the martyr Brown falsely avers to have intended by the same act merely negro-stealing. Mr. Phillips would make John Brown a hero of liberty, but the fear of death vanquished John Brown's heroism, and made him falsely avow his intention to have been merely to run off negroes.

When examined by Gov. Wise, in the presence of the magistrates and others, at Harper's Ferry, Brown avowed his intention to be the liberation, forcible liberation if necessary, of the slaves of Maryland and Virginia, and emphatically denied all intention of running off the negroes. The organization of the Provisional Government proves the intention to have been revolution and insurrection, and not the running off of slaves—but the fear of death unnerves John Brown, and he degenerates from Mr. Phillips's chief of a revolution to the leader of a gang of thieves—from Mr. Phillips's hero of liberty to the criminal guilty of larceny—from the Martyr to the Felon.

It is not with the sad falsehood the criminal Brown has just uttered, nor with the greater falsehood of the still greater criminal Phillips, that we at present have to deal.

Wendell Phillips, safe in Boston, is responsible for John Brown incarcerated in Charlestown. Upon such men as Wendell Phillips is the blood of John Brown and his five associates; and though hardened in villany at present, death may yet unnerve Phillips, and he too may cry out "*peccavi*," as poor Brown has just done.

What means the applause that greeted the treason of Phillips in Brooklyn? What is the world to understand from such an exhibition of approbation? *Is this the Government of two people as different in our sentiments of right and wrong as we are in our institutions?* When an impudent scoundrel, avowing himself "not a citizen," asserts that one of the States of the Confederacy is not a Government, it would pass unheeded did it not meet the approbation and enlist the attention of a crowded audience from a sister State. Our *Northern brethren*, by such exhibitions of approbation, are fanning the flame of civil discord, which, in an unlooked-for hour, will burst forth into a consuming conflagration. We shall feed the now smouldering embers with every particle of fuel furnished by the Northern fanatics. As long as conservatism sits silent, and listens, coward-like, to such treason, we shall inform our readers of public sentiment at the North; and if the information *inflames*, why let the consequences fall upon the authors and abettors. It is folly to point Southern people to the Northern press as evidence that Brown is execrated at the North. A few more such public meetings as that which applauded Phillips will satisfy the people of the South that the Union has served its purpose, that we are two different people, and that all efforts at continued good feeling, under a common government, are futile.

We indulge in no threats of disunion; we consider such threats as unbecoming the South; but in honest faith and truth we affirm that the absence at the South of all threats, all vain gasconade at public meetings and windy resolutions, evidence a condition of public sentiment and feeling with which it is treasonable to tamper. If there are parties at the North who desire dissolution, they have seized the beast means by which to accomplish their wishes. Public feeling of insecurity *in the Union* was aroused by the Harper's Ferry *émeute*, a great wrong to a sovereign State was here perpetrated, private citizens brutally murdered, public property insolently seized and destroyed—if these things take place *in the Union, can worse happen out of it?* If, under the form of a Confederacy, such wrongs are perpetrated, will an existence as separate and independent nations bring any greater calamities?

These are the questions now asked from neighbor to neighbor—all subjects of party politics are forgotten; anxious inquiry is made every day whether the Southern Senators will take their seats with Seward, Hale and Sumner, implicated as they have been in this affair. To aggravate such a state of public sentiment, with charges and insinuations of weakness, cowardice and injustice, with slanders

living, could truthfully say that I ever promised him or anybody else, either conditionally or otherwise, that I would be present in person at the Harper's Ferry insurrection. My field of labor for the abolition of slavery has not extended to an attack upon the United States Arsenal. In the teeth of the documents already published, and of those which may hereafter be published, I affirm that no man connected with that insurrection, from its noble and heroic leader down, can connect my name with a single broken promise of any sort whatever. So much I deem it proper to say negatively.

The time for a full statement of what I know, and of *all* I know, of this desperate but sublimely disinterested effort to emancipate the slaves of Maryland and Virginia from their cruel task-masters has not yet come, and may never come. In the denial which I have now made, my motive is more a respectful consideration for the opinions of the slaves' friends than from my fear of being made an accomplice in the general *conspiracy* against slavery. I am ever ready to write, speak, publish, organize, combine; and even to conspire, against slavery, when there is a reasonable hope for success. Men who live by robbing their fellow-men of their labor and liberty have forfeited their right to know anything of the thoughts, feelings and purposes of those whom they rob and plunder. They have, by the single act of slaveholding, voluntarily placed themselves beyond the laws of justice and honor, and have become only fitted for companionship with thieves and pirates—the common enemies of God and all manhood. While it shall be considered right to protect oneself against thieves, burglars, robbers and assassins, and to slay a wild beast in the act of devouring his human prey, it can never be wrong for the imbruted and whip-scarred slaves, or their friends, to hunt, harass and even strike down the traffickers in human flesh. If anybody is disposed to think less of me on account of this sentiment, or because I may have had a knowledge of what was about to occur, and did not assume the base and detestable character of an informer, he is a man whose good or bad opinion of me may be equally repugnant and despicable. Entertaining this sentiment, I may be asked, why I did not join John Brown—the noble old hero whose one right hand has shaken the foundation of the American Union, and whose ghost will haunt the bed-chambers of all the born and unborn slaveholders of Virginia through all their generations, filling them with alarm and consternation! My answer to this has already been given, at least impliedly given. "The tools to those that can use them." Let every man work for the abolition of slavery in his own way. I would help all, and hinder none. My position in regard to the Harper's Ferry insurrection may be easily inferred from these remarks, and I shall be glad if those papers which have spoken of me in connection with it would find room for this brief statement.

I have no apology for keeping out of the way of those gentlemanly United States marshals who are said to have paid Rochester a somewhat protracted visit lately, with a view to an interview with me. A government recognizing the validity of the *Dred Scott* decision, at such a time as this, is not likely to have any very charitable feelings towards me; and if I am to meet its representatives, I prefer to do so at least upon equal terms. If I have committed any offence against society, I have done so on the soil of the State of New York, and I should be perfectly willing *there* to be arraigned before an impartial jury; but I have quite insuperable objections to being caught by the hands of Mr. Buchanan and "*bagged*" by Governor Wise. For this appears to be the arrangement. Buchanan does the fighting and hunting, and Wise "*bags*" the game.

Some reflections may be made upon my leaving on a tour to England, just at this time. I have only to say that my going to that country has been rather delayed than hastened by the insurrection at Harper's Ferry. All knew that I had intended to leave here in the first week of November. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER OF L MARIA CHILD TO GOV. WISE.

WAYLAND, MASS., Oct. 26, 1859.

GOV. WISE: I have heard that you were a man of chivalrous sentiments, and I know you were opposed to the iniquitous attempt to force upon Kansas a constitution abhorrent to the moral sense of her people. Relying upon these indications of honor and justice in your character, I venture to ask a favor of you. Enclosed is a letter to Capt. John Brown. Will you have the kindness, after reading it yourself, to transmit it to the prisoner?

I and all my large circle of abolition acquaintances were taken by surprise when news came of Capt Brown's recent attempt; nor do I know of a single person who would have approved of it had they been apprised of his intention. But I and thousands of others feel a natural impulse of sympathy for the brave and suffering man. Perhaps God, who sees the inmost of our souls, perceives some such sentiment in your heart also. He needs a mother or sister to dress his wounds and speak soothingly to him. Will you allow me to perform that mission of humanity? If you will, may God bless you for the generous deed.

I have been for years an uncompromising abolitionist, and I should scorn to deny it or apologize for it as much as John Brown himself would do. Believing in peace principles, I deeply regret the step that the old veteran has taken, while I honor his humanity towards those who became his prisoners. But because it is my habit to be as open as the daylight, I will also say that if I believed our religion justified men in fighting for freedom, I should consider the enslaved everywhere as best entitled to that right. Such an avowal is a simple, frank expression of my sense of natural justice.

But I should despise myself utterly if any circumstances could tempt me to seek to advance these opinions in any way, directly or indirectly, after your permission to visit Virginia had been obtained on the plea of sisterly sympathy with a brave and suffering man. I give you my word of honor, which was never broken, that I would use such permission solely and singly for the purpose of nursing your prisoner, and for no other purpose whatsoever. Yours, respectfully, L. MARIA CHILD.

LETTER OF MRS. CHILD TO CAPT. BROWN.

WAYLAND, MASS., Oct. 26, 1859.

DEAR CAPTAIN BROWN: Though personally unknown to you, you will recognize in my name an earnest friend of Kansas, when circumstances made that Territory the battle-ground between the antagonistic principles of slavery and freedom, which politicians so vainly strive to reconcile in the government of the United States.

Believing in peace principles, I cannot sympathize with the method you chose to advance the cause of freedom. But I honor your generous intentions—I admire your courage, moral and physical. I reverence you for the humanity which tempered your zeal. I sympathize with you in your cruel bereavement, your sufferings and your wrongs. In brief, I love you and bless you.

Thousands of hearts are throbbing with sympathy as warm as mine. I think of you night and day, bleeding in prison, surrounded by hostile faces, sustained only by trust in God and your own strong heart. I long to nurse you—to speak to you sisterly words of sympathy and consolation. I have asked permission of Gov. Wise to do so. If the request is not granted, I cherish the hope that these few words may at least reach your hands, and afford you some little solace. May you be strengthened by the conviction that no honest man ever sheds blood for freedom in vain, however much he may be mistaken in his efforts. May God sustain you and carry you through whatsoever may be in store for you. Yours, with heartfelt respect, sympathy and affection, L. MARIA CHILD.

GOVERNOR WISE'S REPLY.

RICHMOND, Va., Oct. 29, 1859.

MADAM: Yours of the 26th was received by me yesterday, and at my earliest leisure I respectfully reply to it, that I will forward the letter for John Brown, a prisoner under our laws, arraigned at the Circuit Court for the County of Jefferson, at Charlestown, Va., for the crimes of murder, robbery and treason, which you ask me to transmit to him. I will comply with your request in the only way which seems to me proper, by enclosing it to the Commonwealth's attorney, with the request that he will ask the permission of the Court to hand it to the prisoner. Brown, the prisoner, is now in the hands of the judiciary—not of the Executive of this Commonwealth.

You ask me, further, to allow you to perform the mission "of mother or sister, to dress his wounds and speak soothingly to him." By this, of course, you mean to be allowed to visit him in his cell and to minister to him in the offices of humanity. Why should you not be so allowed, Madam? Virginia and Massachusetts are involved in no civil war, and the Constitution which unites them in one confederacy guarantees to you privileges and immunities of a citizen of the United States in the State of Virginia. That Constitution I am sworn to support, and am, therefore, bound to protect your privileges and immunities as a citizen of Massachusetts coming into Virginia for any lawful and peaceful purpose. Coming, as you propose, to minister to the captive in prison, you will be met, doubtless, by all our people not only in a chivalrous but in a Christian spirit. You have the right to visit Charlestown, Va., Madam; and your mission, being merciful and humane, will not only be allowed, but be respected, if not welcomed. A few unenlightened and inconsiderate persons, fanatical in their modes of thought and action to maintain justice and right, might molest you, or be disposed to do so, and this might suggest the imprudence of risking any experiment upon the peace of a society very much excited by the crimes with whose chief author you seem to sympathize so much; but still, I repeat, your motives and avowed purpose are lawful and peaceful, and I will, as far as I am concerned, do my duty in protecting your rights in our limits. Virginia and her authorities would be weak indeed, weak in point of folly and weak in point of power, if her State faith and constitutional obligations cannot be redeemed in her own limits to the letter of morality as well as of law; and if her chivalry cannot courteously receive a lady's visit to a prisoner, every arm which guards Brown from rescue on the one hand, and from Lynch law on the other, will be ready to guard your person in Virginia. I could not permit an insult even to woman in her walk of charity among us, though it be to one who whetted knives of butchery for our mothers, sisters, daughters and babes. We have no sympathy with your sentiments of sympathy with Brown, and are surprised that you were "taken by surprise when news came of Capt. Brown's recent attempt." His attempt was a natural consequence of your sympathy, and the errors of that sympathy ought to make you doubt its virtue from the effect upon his conduct. But it is not of this I should speak. When you arrive at Charlestown, if you go there, it will be for the Court and its officers, the Commonwealth's attorney, sheriff and jailor, to see whether you may see and wait on the prisoner. But, whether you are thus permitted or not (and you will be if my advice can prevail), you may rest assured that he will be humanely, lawfully and mercifully dealt by in prison and on trial. Respectfully, HENRY A. WISE.

L. MARIA CHILD.

[*The Norfolk* (Va.) *Argus* chivalrously suggests that Mrs. Child's object in seeking admission to John Brown's cell in the capacity of a nurse is to "accomplish his rescue by getting him into her crinoline." It gives credit for this charitable suggestion to "a Norfolk girl," and adds: "Women have a keener perception into the motives of their own sex than we men have; and it would be well for the sheriff of Jefferson to keep a sharp watch on the 'Yankee gal.'" "It would not be a very difficult matter," says the *The Argus*, "after this lady had been passing in and out of the jail for several days, to get Brown out disguised as a female, especially if the old hypocrite feigned illness and helplessness up to the last visit of the sheriff."]

LETTER FROM A QUAKER LADY TO JOHN BROWN.

NEWPORT, R. I., Tenth month 27th, 1859.

CAPT. JOHN BROWN—*Dear Friend:* Since thy arrest I have often thought of thee, and have wished that, like Elizabeth Fry toward her prison friends, so I might console thee in thy confinement. But that can never be, and so I can only write thee a few lines, which, if they contain any comfort, may come to thee like some little ray of light.

Thou canst never know how very many dear Friends love thee with all their hearts, for thy brave efforts in behalf of the poor oppressed, and though we, who are non-resistants, and religiously believe it better to reform by moral and not by carnal weapons, could not approve of bloodshed, yet we know thee was animated by the most generous and philanthropic motives. Very many thousands openly approve thy intentions, though most Friends would not think it right to take up arms.

Thousands pray for thee every day; and, oh, I do pray that God will be with thy soul. Posterity will do thee justice. If Moses led out the thousands of Jewish slaves from their bondage, and God destroyed the Egyptians in the sea because they went after the Israelites to bring them back to slavery, then, surely, by the same reasoning, we may judge thee a deliverer, who wished to release millions from a more cruel oppression. If the American people honor Washington for resisting, with bloodshed, for seven years, an unjust tax, how much more ought thou to be honored for seeking to free the poor slaves.

Oh, I wish I could plead for thee as some of the other sex can plead, how I would seek to defend thee! If I had now the eloquence of Portia, how I would turn the scale in thy favor! But I can only pray "God bless thee!" God pardon thee, and through thy Redeemer give thee safety and happiness now and always.

From thy friend, E. B.

JOHN BROWN'S REPLY.

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson County, Va., Tuesday, 1st November, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND E. B. OF R. I.: Your most cheering letter of 27th October is received, and may the Lord reward you a thousand fold for the kind feeling you express toward me; but more especially for your fidelity to the "poor that cry, and those that have no help." For this I am a prisoner in bonds. *It is solely my own fault, in a military point of view, that we met with our disaster*—I mean that I mingled with our prisoners and so far sympathized with them and their families, that I neglected my duty *in other* respects. But God's will, not mine, be done.

You know that Christ once armed Peter. *I think he put a sword into my hand, and there continued it, so long as he saw best, and then kindly took it from me. I mean when I first went to Kansas.* I wish you could know with what cheerfulness I am now wielding the "Sword of the Spirit," on the right hand and on the left. I bless God that it proves "mighty to the pulling down of strongholds." I always loved my Quaker friends, and I commend to their kind regard my poor, bereaved, widowed wife, and my daughters and daughters-in-law, whose husbands fell at my side. One is a mother, and the other likely to become so soon. They, as well as my own sorrow-stricken daughter, are left very poor, and have much greater need of sympathy than I, who, through Infinite Grace and the kindness of strangers, am "joyful in all my tribulations."

Dear sister, write them at North Elba, Essex County, N. Y., to comfort their sad hearts. Direct to Mary A. Brown, wife of John Brown. There is also another—a widow—wife of Thompson, who fell with my poor boys in the affair at Harper's Ferry, at the same place.

I do not feel conscious of guilt in taking up arms; and had it been in behalf of the rich and powerful, intelligent, the great—as men count greatness—of those who form enactments to suit themselves and corrupt others, or some of their friends, that I interfered, suffered, sacrificed and fell, it would have been doing very well. But enough of this.

These light afflictions, which endure for a moment, shall work out for me *a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.* I would be very grateful for another letter from you. My wounds are healing. *Farewell.* God will surely attend to his own cause in the best possible way and time, and he will not forget the work of his own hands.

JOHN BROWN.

INCIDENTS, RUMORS, &c.

GERRIT SMITH TO BE DEMANDED FOR TRIAL.

Richmond, Nov. 5.—[Correspondence of *The Herald*.] I have ascertained to-day that a rigid scrutiny is being instituted to ascertain the extent of Gerrit Smith's complicity in the Harper's Ferry insurrection, preparatory to the issue of a requisition for his surrender to the judicial authorities of this State, for trial upon a charge of conspiracy. All the testimony bearing upon his connection with this insurrection, as accessory before the fact, is being carefully compiled, and the probability is that the matter will be laid before the Grand Jury of Jefferson County at an early day. Such, at least, is my information, derived from authority which fully justifies me in communicating this information. It is intimated, moreover, that the question of his surrender, in obedience to the requisition of the Governor of Virginia, will be made the issue for a continuance or disruption of the Union. It is conceded here by every prominent man with whom I have conversed upon this subject that such an issue is inevitable; and the universal public sentiment of this region, so far as I can ascertain, favors the presentation of Smith's surrender, upon the requisition of the Governor, as the ultimatum of Union. The crisis is near at hand, and it is for the North to say whether the Union shall be preserved or not.

BROWN'S DOOM FIXED.

[From the same correspondence.] Brown's execution is as certain as that to-morrow's sun will rise. All statements made to you to the contrary are without a shadow of foundation. Procrastination of his sad doom need not be assumed as a basis for hope by the friends of the unfortunate conspirator. The policy which suggests this should not be understood as contemplating the question of pardon or commutation of sentence. It involves no such sequence necessarily, and no such purpose is contemplated by this act of clemency. He must die, no matter what the influences in behalf of his pardon may be. Let Brown's friends, therefore, reconcile themselves as best they can to his sad fate, and spare themselves any further trouble in the line of his pardon or a commutation of his sentence, for it will all prove utterly vain.

Governor Wise is still in the receipt of scores of letters pleading pardon for Old Brown. Some guarantee the Presidency to his Excellency as a prize for this act of mercy; others parade Scriptural quotations on the subject of taking away life, presenting that as God's prerogative alone; while others still resort to threats against the life of the Governor should he suffer Brown to be executed. Letters have been addressed to Brown himself, urging him to prolong his trial, and avert his execution to the remotest period possible, that his release was inevitable, and probably near at hand. The inference from this is of course a purpose to rescue, which is just as practicable as the efforts at obtaining a pardon To all these pleadings and threats the Governor turns a deaf ear. His purpose is irrevocably fixed, and that is to hang Brown.

It appears, from the following section of the code of Virginia, that the Governor of that State has not the power to pardon in cases of conviction for treason against the Commonwealth:

"The Governor shall not grant a pardon in any case before conviction, nor to any person convicted of treason against the Commonwealth, except with the consent of the General Assembly, declared by joint resolution. Neither shall he grant a reprieve to any person convicted of treason for a longer period than until the end of the session of the General Assembly, during which it may be granted, or than until the end of the succeeding session, when it is granted during the recess."

[*Tribune* correspondence, Nov. 4] I do not see any ground for hope in Brown's case. It is evident that any attempt to remove him alive from this town would fail. The people say that a regiment of soldiers, with the Governor at their head, could not accomplish it. You, at a distance, can hardly form an impression of the rage for vengeance which is felt by the citizens of this place. When Brown was in court, on trial, there were always faces burning with hatred hanging over him, fiercely watching every movement that he made. In the event of an attempt at rescue, which has been the great fear all along, and to prevent which all these extraordinary military precautions are still kept up, the jailers have been instructed to shoot him and his companions instantly. The populace are resolute in their determination that their victims shall never be taken from them, and it does not seem that this determination is to be shaken by any expedient.

BROWN'S OWN VIEWS.

[*Tribune* correspondence, *Nov.* 4.]—Brown tranquilly says: "I do not know that I ought to encourage any attempt to save my life. I am not sure that it would not be better for me to die at this time. I am not incapable of error, and I may be wrong; but I think that perhaps my objects would be nearer fulfilment if I should die. I must give it some thought." There is no insincerity about this, you may be sure. Brown does not value his life; or, at least, is wholly unmoved at the prospect of losing it. He was never more firm than at this moment. The only compunctions he expresses are in relation to his management at Harper's Ferry, by which he lost not only himself, but sacrificed his associates. He sometimes says that if he had pursued his original plan of immediate escape to the mountains, he could never have been taken, for he and his men had studied the vicinity thoroughly, and knew it a hundred times better than any of the inhabitants. It was, he says, his weakness in yielding to the entreaties of the prisoners, and delaying his departure, that ruined him. "It was the first time," are his words, "that I ever lost command of myself, and now I am punished for it."

Nothing seems to give Brown greater annoyance than hearing of those threatening anonymous letters that are continually sent to Gov. Wise and to the authorities at Charlestown concerning his fate. He protests against them, and feels unwilling to believe that they proceed from his own friends.

WHAT BROWN'S PLAN REALLY WAS.

[*Tribune* correspondence, *Nov.* 6.]—I have not heard of anybody who, whatever crimes he may have attributed to Brown, has doubted his word. Here is his own account of his purpose at Harper's Ferry:

He had calculated upon, and fully expected to accomplish, a rescue of a great number of slaves. To maintain a warlike position in Virginia for any definite period was not his object. The idea of his seizing the Armory for the sake of the weapons it contained, he will not admit. He says he had far better weapons of his own. His occupying it at all was a variation from his original determination. He had decided to take Col. Washington and the other prisoners to the Harper's Ferry Bridge, and there to establish a commanding position, from which he would insist upon exchanges of slaves for his prisoners. In case he should have been dislodged, he would have retreated in haste to the mountains, with the intricacies of which he had made himself so much more familiar than the inhabitants themselves, and he believed he could defy all attempts to apprehend him. He had supposed that, after a few days of successful evasion, he would be joined by hundreds of slaves anxious to escape, by whose aid he could have perfected arrangements for an enormous rescue. This, as I understand it, was his real plan.

The reason of the change was, he avers, that as the night of the rising was very severely cold, he suddenly concluded to have the prisoners taken to the Armory, where they would not be exposed to the weather, anticipating no trouble in moving off with them, in case he should not be able to effect the exchanges with negroes before the general alarm should spread. Disappointed in this hope, he had only to fight to the end.

Some one the other day asked Brown the reason why he did not go further South to make this attempt. He answered that there were strong objections on the score of humanity—meaning, as was afterwards explained, that the ferocity of the slaves further South could not have been checked, and that a great massacre would have been the result.

THREATS OF DISUNION.

[*Herald* correspondence.] I have information which justifies me in stating that most of the Southern members of Congress are being influenced to seize upon the first pretext that may offer during the coming session to retire from the Hall of the House of Representatives, and break up the Union. Indeed, the present state of things, in connection with the Harper's Ferry insurrection, is urged as sufficient ground for such an issue. Inasmuch, however, as the ends of justice in reference to the parties involved in this matter have not been retarded by any act on the part of the North, it is maintained by many that the crisis has not come. Prospectively, this event is esteemed as involving such a crisis; for it is hoped that the discussions growing out of it in Congress will inevitably involve the final issue of disunion. Virginia, hitherto conservative, is now ripe for such an event; and I question very much if it would not have followed upon the heel of the Harper's Ferry outrage, had a man of less courage, firmness and conservatism than Gov. Wise been at the helm of State. This result was obviated no less through his individual conservatism than the universal confidence reposed in him. With a man of less courage and decision at the head of affairs, there was reason to apprehend a prompt interference on the part of the people; and, infuriated as they necessarily would become upon a more intimate connection with the scenes and outrages at Harper's Ferry, they would permit the wild passions of the hour to govern; and, as is now generally presumed, the standard of a Southern confederacy would be raised upon the spot. All this Wise unquestionably averted.

Norfolk, Nov. 5. [Same correspondence.] The deepest interest is taken here in the New York election; and it they should go for the Black Republicans, there will be an almost universal sentiment in favor of immediate secession, "peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must." But yesterday one of our most wealthy and sensible ship-owners, and heretofore a strong Union man, declared that if the Northern States now fail to put down this infamous black party, he was for immediate separation, and stopping all trade and commerce between the North and South.

Be not deceived. The hour has come when the South must and will demand that the people of the North meet this crisis and show themselves equal to the occasion. They will require that your Legislatures enact laws punishing such acts as Phillips, Seward and Beecher are guilty of. It is now in the power of the North to save the Union, and we rest the issue with them.

What do your people mean when they sanction the doctrines of the infamous Phillips, Beecher & Co.? Years ago it was a saying of an old gentleman at Accomack, "that women, preachers and politicians would dissolve this Union," and it seems his prediction is about to be realized.

PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENCE AND RETALIATION.

[Same correspondence.] It is the intention of Governor Wise to recommend to the next Legislature the establishment of depots for arms and ammunitions at convenient points along the line of the State boundary on Pennsylvania, Maryland and the Ohio river. His recommendations will embrace other measures of safety, which, no doubt, will be strictly carried out.

It is contemplated, also, to form a more perfect union of the border States—Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri, for instance, with special reference to a thorough system of defence against abolition forays. It is intimated that these States will demand protection of the general government, and, in case of its refusal, carry the war into Africa. For every citizen of these States who may be treated as Col. Washington and Mr. Alstadt have been, they will take half a dozen, and, it may be, lynch them. It will come to this, if the government of this country does not get into the hands of some firm man, who will undertake to suppress these aggressions and protect citizens against gratuitous attacks of the character recently witnessed at Harper's Ferry,

I understand it is determined to organize a company in this city on the Zouave principle. They will be trained up to every species of drill which has made the Zouaves the synonym of military efficiency, skill and daring. A gymnasium is to be gotten up for their special benefit, and every facility afforded them that money can secure. The population of Virginia within twelve months more will be one solid body of soldiers, armed and equipped for active service.

Before three months from this time Virginia will have an armed force of not less than thirty thousand. Nor will this defensive movement stop here. The militia of the State will be reorganized upon a plan suggested at the last session by Governor Wise. Every man under the age of forty-five and above the age of eighteen will be compelled to do active military duty. They will have to parade three or four times a year with arms, and by way of offset for this service they are to be exempt from jury duty.

It is contemplated to send immediately some sixteen or twenty howitzers to the frontier counties of the State, to be posted at the most convenient and efficient points for purposes of defence. These will be reinforced by the addition, from time to time, of as many as may be deemed necessary to establish a thorough state of defence.

FEARS OF INSURRECTION.

Richmond, Nov. 3. [Same correspondence.] Rumors of a negro insurrection in Wise County, in this State, were very prevalent in this city to-day. It was predicated, as I am informed, upon what purports to be a telegraphic notice posted at the corner of one of our newspaper establishments. The report had it that two thousand slaves had rebelled in Wise County; but this threw some doubt upon the whole story, inasmuch as there are not more than a dozen slaves in that whole county. But then it derived some feasibility from the proximity of the reported scene of the insurrection to the Kentucky line; for it will be remembered that Kentucky was embraced in the plan of operations of the Conspirators. The presumption against any such occurrence in a county having so few slaves was readily offset by this reflection, and the matter for a time created no little excitement in the city. Some alleged that the scene of the insurrection was Wise's county (Accomac), and not Wise county—a mistake having occurred, as it was said, in the designation, by confounding the name. This gave a fresh stimulus to the excitement, and strengthened the probability of the rumor in the minds of many. There has been, however, no confirmation of the report, and I imagine it will prove utterly unfounded.

[Correspondence of *The Tribune*.] *Charlestown, Nov. 2*—It is evident that a feeling of irrepressible uneasiness still lingers here. The streets by day are filled with groups of people discussing, with profound seriousness, the chances of renewed attacks, escapes, and insurrections. Under the walls of the Court-House the debates often rise to a warmth at once betraying the alarm which all attempt to conceal. At night, the thoroughfares are guarded by armed patrols, who arrest, without discrimination, all persons who wander from their homes, unless immediate proof can be given of the innocence of their intentions. All strangers are regarded with particular suspicion. Until within a day or two, each new comer was subjected to the closest scrutiny from the moment of his arrival, and, in many cases, called upon to declare his purposes, and to make clear his freedom from connection with the recent movement. This excessive watchfulness is now relaxed in some degree, but the hotel registers are put through regular courses of careful examination, and all unfamiliar eccentricities of personal appearance are visited with the penalty of constant supervision. The resident of half an hour, ignorant of all about him, and unexpectant of any sort of recognition, is astonished to find himself accosted by name, generally with much show of courtesy, and harassed with numerous inquiries, most amiably put, concerning his nativity, his avocation, his political sentiments, his plans in life, and so forth. If communicative, he receives a smile of public approval; if shy and reticent, he is overshadowed by the frown of society, and looked upon as likely to interfere with the tranquility of the neighborhood.

Nov. 3.—Early this morning strange uniforms were seen coming in from the direction of Harper's Ferry. A party of soldiers, five in number, all splendidly accoutred with sabers and muskets, and fixed bayonets and pistols, surrounded and hemmed in an odd-looking prisoner, very forlorn and very dusty, and held him at bay. He seemed astonished at the attentions which were showered upon him, but too much used up to suitably appreciate them. He was led to the jail, in stately fashion, and immured. He had been arrested somewhere in Shepardstown, on a charge, so far as I could learn, of attempting to write a history of the State of Virginia. You can, doubtless, imagine the enormity of such an offence. People had observed him going about in search of historical traditions. He had been heard to make several inquiries in relation to events of the last century. This looked very ill; so bayonets were brought, and he was made a prisoner of war. He was terrified out of his wits—another fact which told strongly against him. Moreover, of the score of questions simultaneously put to him, he could answer only one at a time. All this proved him to be a dangerous person; so to Charlestown Jail he had to come. The fact—which distinctly appeared—that no one accused him of complicity with Brown, was deemed a trifle, and not worthy of consideration.

Nov. 5.—If strangers stay too long, it is popularly decided that they mean no good; and if they stay but a very short time, every one is satisfied that they mean very ill. The long sojourn of Mr. Hoyt and the brief visit of Judge Russell of Boston are equally objected to. Why Judge Russell went off in such a hurry, the people want to know. They don't like it at all. They look upon his hasty departure as the precursor of some evil. Hence more recent comers receive more especial attentions. Two Northerners, from New Jersey, I think, who came this morning, were put through very sharp examinations. What will be said to Mrs. L. Maria Child's advent, which is expected immediately, I cannot imagine, but I do not think it will be entirely comfortable for her here.

SLAVEHOLDERS SENDING THEIR WHITE CHILDREN NORTH.

[Same correspondence.] It is generally known here that respectable white men are in the habit of sending half-breed children of theirs to the North to be educated. If the black mothers are free, the children must be free; and by a law of the State, free persons of color going to a free State for any purpose are prohibited from returning. If the mother is a slave, the children are also slaves, and, as such, enjoy the privilege of going to and returning from a free State at the discretion of their masters. There are some men in this city who are understood to be trafficing with this prohibitory law, and I mistake very much the tone of the authorities here if they are not held to account for their illegal course. I hope soon to be able to give you the names of some of these individuals; and when the catalogue is published, you may look out for a grand stampede of whites and half-breeds from here.

My inquiries, a few days ago, regarding the number of half-breed negroes sent from this city to the North by their white parents, to be educated and brought back contrary to law, have made the aforesaid parents quite uneasy, especially on hearing the object of my inquiries to be the furnishing of their names to the *Herald*. The result has been a development involving many others in the offence besides those whose names I first obtained. Statesmen, politicians, lawyers, doctors, and a host of other men of good standing, are comprised in this criminal record. As the conduct of these gentlemen will form the subject of legal inquiry, I will forego the publication of the catalogue of names for the present. When they come before the court, of course all restraint in regard to the publication of the names and offences will be removed. We shall have a pretty kettle of fish when the catalogue is published.

A VIRGINIAN IMPLICATED IN THE INVASION.

[Same correspondence.] *Richmond, Nov. 4.*—Rumor is current here to-day that a private in the State Guard has been detected in complicity with some abolitionists on the subject of a negro insurrection in this region of this Commonwealth. To what extent he is implicated is not yet known, but an investigation will probably soon be had, and all the facts fully ascertained. The idea is that this discovery will furnish a clue to important developments involving other parties in and out of the State. I apprehend that terrible examples will be made in the case of parties within the State detected in complicity with the villainous abolition movement.

THE SEARCH FOR BROWN'S MISSING ASSOCIATES.

The following official advertisement appears in the Richmond papers:

TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD—A PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.—Information having been received by the Executive that Owen Brown, Barclay Copple, Francis J. Meriam, and Charles P. Tidd (who are severally charged with the crimes of treason, murder, and conspiring and advising with slaves to rebel in the county of Jefferson, in this Commonwealth), have escaped from justice, and are now going at large, I do hereby offer a reward of five hundred dollars to any person who shall arrest either of said fugitives, and deliver him into the jail of said county of Jefferson; and I do moreover require all officers of this Commonwealth, civil and military, and request the people generally, to use their best exertions to procure their arrest, that they may be brought to justice.

Given under my hand as Governor, and under the Less seal of the Commonwealth, at Richmond, this third day of November, 1859. HENRY A. WISE.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD FOR J. R. GIDDINGS.

The Richmond *Whig* illustrates the boasted chivalry of Virginia by publishing the following incitement to kidnapping and murder:

$10,000 REWARD.—Joshua R. Giddings having openly declared himself a traitor in a lecture at Philadelphia, on the 28th of October, and there being no process, strange to say, by which he can be brought to justice, I propose to the people of one hundred to raise $10,000 for his safe delivery in Richmond, or $5,000 for the production of his head. I do not regard this proposition, extraordinary as it may at first seem, either *unjust or unmerciful*. The law of God and the Constitution of his country both condemn him to death.

For satisfactory reasons I withhold my name from the public, but it is in the hands of the Editor of the Richmond *Whig*. There will be no difficulty, I am sure, in raising the $10,000, upon a reasonable prospect of getting the said Giddings to this city.

Richmond, Nov. 1, 1859.

JOHN BROWN RECEIVING SENTENCE.

[*Tribune* correspondence.] During the absence of the jury in Oppie's case, in order that no time should be wasted, John Brown was brought in from jail to be sentenced. He walked with considerable difficulty, and every movement appeared to be attended with pain, although his features gave no expression of it. It was late, and the gaslight gave an almost deathly pallor to his face. He seated himself near his counsel, and, after once resting his head upon his right hand, remained entirely motionless, and for a time apparently unconscious of all that passed around—especially unconscious of the execrations audibly whispered by spectators—"D—d black-hearted villain! heart as black as a stove-pipe!"—and many such. While the Judge read his decision on the points of exception which had been submitted, Brown sat very firm, with lips tightly compressed, but with no appearance of affectation of sternness. He was like a block of stone. When the Clerk directed him to stand and say why sentence should not be passed upon him, he rose and leaned lightly forward, his hands resting on the table. He spoke timidly—hesitatingly, indeed—and in a voice singularly gentle and mild. But his sentences came confused from his mouth, and he seemed to be wholly unprepared to speak at this time. His words have already gone before your readers; but the types can give you no intimation of the soft and tender tones, yet calm and manly withal, that filled the court-room, and, I think, touched the hearts of many who had come only to rejoice at the heaviest blow their victim was to suffer. Then the Judge read the death sentence, which has also been fully forwarded by telegraph. At the announcement that, for the sake of example, the execution would be more than usually public, one indecent fellow behind the Judge's chair shouted and clapped hands jubilantly; but he was indignantly checked, and in a manner that induced him to believe he would do best to retire, which he did. It is a question, nevertheless, if the general sentiment were not fairly expressed by his action. Brown was soon after led away again to his place of confinement.

BROWN IN JAIL.

The jail divides attention with the court-house, opposite to which it stands. Its vestibule is thronged with visitors. The reception-room is never vacant. Towards evening, the guardians of the insurrectionists augment their solicitude, and refuse ingress to all but the best-credited applicants. At dusk, this evening, this reception-room was a busy scene. A brisk Colonel was organizing the night-patrol, and superintending the loading of a number of Sharp's rifles, ready for use. He was careful to impart confidential whispers to certain persons, in a way so that all could hear, to the effect that he had that day received scores of telegraphic notices warning him of this particular night, as a rescue had been arranged to come off without delay.

Brown is as comfortably situated as any man can be in a jail. He has a pleasant room, which is shared by Stephens, whose recovery remains doubtful. He has opportunities of occupying himself by writing and reading. His jailor, Avis, was of the party who assisted in capturing him. Brown says Avis is one of the bravest men he ever saw, and that his treatment is precisely what he should expect from so brave a fellow. He is permitted to receive such visitors as he desires to see. He states that he welcomes every one, and that he is preaching, even in jail, with great effect, upon the enormities of slavery, and with arguments that everybody fails to answer.

Brown's wounds, excepting one cut on the back of the head, have all now healed, without suppuration, and the scars are scarcely visible. He attributes his very rapid recovery to his strict abstemious habits through life. His appearance is very much the same as usual, which is decidedly unlike all the portraits of him that have of late appeared. He is really a man of imposing appearance, and neither his tattered garments, the rents in which were caused by sword-thrusts, nor his scarred face can detract from the manliness of his mien. He is always composed, and every trace of disquietude has left him.

Brown's cheerfulness never fails him. He converses with all who visit them, in a manner so free from restraint and with so much unconcern that none can doubt his real convictions of self-approval. His daring courage has strongly impressed the people, and I have more than once heard public avowals of admiration of his fearlessness, in spite of ominous murmurs of disapprobation from bystanders.

BROWN'S WIFE.

The Worcester (Mass.) *Spy*, of the 4th inst., says:

"Rev. T. W. Higginson, of this city, has just returned from a visit to the family of Capt. John Brown. He found them up among the Adirondack Mountains in New York, near Lake Champlain, opposite Burlington, Vt. Mrs. Brown and four of her surviving children, three daughters and one son. She is a second wife, and has been the mother of twelve children. Brown had eight children by a previous wife, making twenty in all. Eight of the twenty are now living. Mrs. Brown accompanied Mr. Higginson on his return, and went with her to the train to Boston, yesterday, passing through Fitchburg. She will leave to-day for Virginia, having telegraphed to Gov. Wise for permission to visit her husband in prison."

The Worcester *Transcript* says:

"She is a large and noble-looking woman, and worthy of being John Brown's wife. She says that she has always prayed to God that her husband might fall in battle rather than by the hands of slaveholders; but that now she does not regret his capture, for the sake of the noble words he has been permitted to utter. She says that she is the mother of thirteen children, of whom but four survive; but that she would willingly see the ruin of all her household if it would only help the cause of freedom. What a speech for a wife and mother, whose sons have been so lately assassinated, and whose husband is now lying under sentence of death. Mrs. Brown was provided with letters of introduction by Mr. Hoyt, to the sheriff, the jailor, &c. There is no reason to doubt that she will have ready access to her husband."

The correspondent of *The Tribune* at Charlestown, under date Nov. 3, says:

"A telegraphic despatch, dated Boston, was this morning received from T. W. Higginson, by Mr. Sennot. It said: 'John Brown's wife wishes to go on and see him. Can you obtain permission for her?' This was answered affirmatively; but, when the matter was mentioned to Brown, he directed that this message should be immediately sent: 'Do not, for God's sake, come here now. John Brown.'

The same writer says (Nov. 4):

"The reason Brown has given for asking his wife to remain away is characteristic. He knows it will cause great suffering, and will, possibly, shatter his composure in a manner which he is resolved against, lest his capture should esteem it an evidence of regret for what he has done. The despatch which I told you was sent to Mrs. Brown did not reach her, and to-day another was received, announcing that she was about to leave Philadelphia for this town. Brown will still make another effort to check her."

[We understand that Mrs. Brown went only as far as Baltimore, whence she was recalled by a despatch from Boston, in obedience, doubtless, to her husband's wish.—ED. STANDARD.]

ADVENTURES OF A SCULPTOR.

A sculptor, Mr. Brackett, of Boston, arrived in Charlestown, this morning, with a hope of getting a likeness of Brown, the measurement of his head, &c., to aid him in making a bust for which he had received a commission. He had expected to find no objections on the part of the authorities. But, after a few vain efforts to obtain an interview with Brown, his hopes began to fade. The jailer referred him to the Judge, and the Judge referred him back to the jailor. The jailor spoke of the sheriff's power to admit visitors within the jail, and the sheriff preferred to leave those matters to the Judge. The Judge again said that Brown had passed from his control, and that he did not consider himself bound to act in the matter. The Judge, however, was willing if the jailer was, and the jailer was willing if the Judge was. Between them all, the sculptor's opportunities seemed to be growing fainter and fainter, until it was suggested that if he would wait a day or two, he could have every facility, but that the renewal of the excitement, caused by the lawyer's extraordinary course, rendered it impossible to comply at present with his wish. The idea of the camera, too, was met with opposition. The sculptor had discovered a travelling daguerreotype operator, and proposed to get a likeness of Brown by his assistance. This was rather too much. Two strange men with a camera inside of a jail was a prospect not to be calmly contemplated. So, it seems that, whatever other favor may be accorded the sculptor, he will have to forego the da

THE LESSON OF THE HOUR.

WENDELL PHILLIPS's Plymouth Lecture, which appears in full in another part of this sheet (with such revision as the author's pressing engagements permitted), and which made a powerful impression at the time of its delivery, will be read with eager interest and admiration by all who know how to appreciate true eloquence, combined with an unselfish devotion to a great cause and a clear perception of the significance of passing events. It is at once history and prophecy, bearing the same relation to the impending struggle for the overthrow of slavery as the fiery utterances of Adams and Otis, in 1775, bore to the Revolution which they inaugurated. We doubt if any other radical anti-slavery speech ever made so deep a sensation in this country. It has stirred the hearts of the friends of freedom like the blast of a trumpet, animating their hopes and bidding them prepare for new struggles and a glorious victory; it has filled the slaveholders and their Northern apologists with trepidation, rage and dismay. Thousands even of Republicans, who would shrink from any open endorsement of it, will read it with eager delight and thank God that there was one man bold enough to speak the truth which political leaders wilfully or blindly seek to smother. Reported by the New York press, it has been copied, in whole or in part, by a large number of journals, at the South as well as at the North; while some of its most striking passages have gone flashing over the telegraphic wires to the remotest corners of the land.

The report in *The Times* of this city was more complete than that of any other paper, and its publication was accompanied by nearly a column of editorial comment, which the reader will find on the first page. The editor of that journal—an able writer—tries to answer Mr. Phillips, but only succeeds in misunderstanding or misrepresenting him His criticism proceeds upon the ridiculous assumption that Mr. Phillips would abolish all constitutions and statutes. At this man of straw Mr. Raymond lets fly the shafts of his satire with evident satisfaction to himself, but the argument of the speaker he leaves unharmed and untouched. He may perchance be able, at some future time, to comprehend the difference between overthrowing institutions which have ceased to answer the ends for which they were created and abolishing constitutions and laws altogether.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* copies the lecture and makes this comment:

RADICAL READING.—We give, this morning, some choice specimens of the radical sort of literature—not anticipating that those who read, with mingled curiosity and amazement, such very original productions as those of Wendell Phillips will imagine us to have any inclination to endorse the same, as containing sound doctrine. Phillips is a dreamer—a visionary reformer, got astray upon this earth, and, as to the slavery question, as mad as a March hare. The coolness with which he tears to tatters (in his own imagination) everything supposed to be settled and established in the minds of men, including modern society, civilization and religion, is only excelled by his peculiar facility in the use of striking language, to communicate his wild notions to the world. He is one of the wonders of the day—startling as a comet, and having about as little real relation to things upon this every-day, steady, conservative old planet. Let Wendell Phillips actually attempt to translate his eccentric theories into practice, and he would unquestionably soon bring his career to an end, in no very agreeable manner.

Let us be patient. One of these days the *Gazette* may have the courage to print a speech of Mr. Phillips without stultifying itself by such nonsense as this. Some of its readers, we may hope, are too sensible to permit their judgment to be swayed by words dictated by cowardice and prejudice.

The *Commercial* of the same city makes this comment:

"We devote a large portion of our space to the reproduction of the New York *Times's* admirable report of the speech of Wendell Phillips in Henry Ward Beecher's Church, Tuesday night, on the lesson of the hour, insurrection. Phillips is one of the most able and accomplished men in the country, and his utterances are always interesting, though often in atrocious taste and intensely absurd. The man is in deadly earnest, and hence interesting, and the obvious enormity and folly of the doctrines furnish the proper antidote for his scholarly and silver-toned eloquence. Tom Corwin had very little to say from Beecher's platform in Brooklyn, after the lecture of Wendell Phillips. He wished to 'reflect' on what he had heard before giving his vote in the matter. He has reflected and spoken, and he repudiates Phillips. Thomas was in a tight place when invited to follow Wendell, but he found his way out adroitly."

The Charleston *Mercury* does not copy the speech, but it will be seen from the following comments of that journal that its editor has read it:

MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS.—Mr. Phillips and the writer in the New York *Tribune* on the South and Southern Slavery have certainly keen, caustic and telling wits. We always read all that falls from them; and although the South, Southern men and Southern institutions, are the butts of their furious ridicule and invective, our interest in their productions is not the least tamed on that account. As long as the South chooses to stand in the pillory, we have no right to complain of rotten eggs. Wit and intelligence are admirable everywhere, and often never so admirable as when they cross our complacency. We are then more alive to their stings. A false position also often renders us more ready to laugh at ourselves than others. Whether for these or any other reasons, we always read Wendell Phillips and *The Tribune*. Mr. Phillips has just delivered a speech on Brown's *émeute* in Virginia. It is full of his characteristic paradoxes and sophistries, and venom towards the South; but, with all his false views of things, we believe Mr. Phillips to be a man of truth himself. Speaking of the public opinion of the North as to Brown's invasion, he says:

"In Boston, when the news came there, whether walking in the street, riding in the cars, wherever you met any one who spoke about Harper's Ferry, the first expression used by all was, what a pity he did not succeed. This was the sentiment of Republican and Democrat alike on the first impulse. This was the sentiment which indicated the true feeling of every one who spoke in Boston, or throughout the Northern States. No man spoke of his guilt, though the trial came, but every man seemed to give vent to all his indignation at the farce of a trial."

Now, if the above statements are true of the public opinion and feeling of the people of the North, what a state of things does it disclose to the South? Although largely dependent on the South for their daily increasing prosperity and wonderful expansion and richness, at heart we are hated and despised. Avarice alone keeps them in association with us—avarice gratified at our submission to their policy of plunder and aggrandizement, by the operations of the General Government. For ourselves, we do not believe that there is the least sympathy or fraternity on the part of the great body of the Northern people towards the people of the South. If they could be sure that they would not be injured by the conflagration, they would rejoice to see the whole South wrapped in the flames of servile insurrection. All professions to the contrary are nothing but the suggestions of a selfish policy.

We cannot stop now to answer the *Mercury*, nor is it necessary to do so.

The Richmond *Enquirer*, the organ of the Virginian Democracy (the Democracy of whips and fetters!), copies the lecture, and accompanies it with an extended and characteristic commentary, which will be found in full on the first page. It exhibits the logic of slavery, and the temper it engenders in its advocates, in a light more truthful than attractive. The effort of the *Enquirer* to blacken the character of honest, brave old John Brown is as vain as it is cowardly. That journal, however, is right in one thing, viz., its estimate of the utter impotency of Northern (self-styled) Conservatism to resist the onward march of anti-slavery sentiment.

STATE ELECTIONS.

THE annual State elections in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey and Wisconsin occurred on Tuesday last. It seems probable at the present writing (Wednesday evening) that the Republicans have been successful in all these States, in spite of the cry of the Democrats, repeated every day for three weeks, that the leaders of that party were implicated in John Brown's invasion, and in spite also of the timidity and the fears of the Republican press. The slave Democracy felt sure, at first, that the Harper's Ferry developments would be the death of Seward and all the rest of the Republican leaders, and make an end of the anti-slavery agitation. But it is now clear that the Republican party, instead of losing votes on that account, has made large gains; the effect having been to create excitement and bring men to the polls who would otherwise have staid away. Leading Republicans in this State have said in our hearing that they owe to John Brown their escape from defeat; and we believe that such is the fact.

The Herald warned the country, before the election, that if the Empire State did not utterly crush out the Black Republicans, Virginia and the whole South would immediately proceed to dissolve the Union. We shall see now whether they will fulfil their threats.

It becomes more and more manifest every day, that whatever differences of opinion there may be, either on the score of principle or expediency, in relation to the Harper's Ferry Invasion, John Brown's heroism has awakened a spirit of resistance to slavery which neither the arts of the politician nor the denunciations of a bastard pulpit and a corrupt press can allay.

SLAVERY'S DAY OF DOOM!—As there is scarcely a ray of hope that John Brown will not be hung on Friday, Dec 2d, the friends of freedom should at once prepare for a suitable observance of that "day of doom" for slavery, in accordance with the recommendation of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

FREEDOM IN NEW YORK.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE time is at hand when earnest efforts, in the circulation of petitions throughout the State, should be commenced by all Abolitionists, and others who are friendly to the passage of a Personal Liberty law, and desirous of putting an end to SLAVE-HUNTING.

It will be remembered by your readers that last year there was an auspicious beginning in the work—that, in the Assembly, one of the largest majority votes given for any measure during the session was for the Personal Liberty bill. It is true that in the Senate there was an adverse report, and no vote upon the bill. But we have for our encouragement, among other things, the significant fact that Senator DIVEN, who made the adverse report in the Senate, when proposed for an important position, at the late Republican State Convention, was himself effectually set aside, on the ground, it is understood, of his having reported in favor of the Fugitive Slave law, and against the legislation asked for by our Petition.

Last year, with no concert of action, and with comparatively little effort, a considerable number of signatures were obtained to our petition, in different parts of the State, and duly presented to the Legislature. It was the testimony of those who circulated petitions then that a very large majority of the people of their respective communities gladly gave their signatures when called upon. Some effort has been already made with a similar petition, the present autumn, and, so far as is known, signatures are generally very promptly given, wherever the petition is presented, and an increased earnestness of feeling in behalf of the movement is found among the people.

The demand we make upon the Legislature is a righteous one. It is based upon human rights, and is founded in justice. The disposition, which is almost universal, and exists even among pro-slavery Doctors of Divinity, and "Democratic" postmasters, to disobey (if it can be done privately) the Fugitive Slave law, and to befriend the fugitive, is good evidence that, if fully and honestly expressed to the Legislature, by means of the Petition, the "*will of the majority*" would unmistakably call for a Personal Liberty law. It is an opinion which prevails to a considerable extent in this country that the majority *should* rule.

You are already aware that an Association was formed, at Albany, a few weeks since, for the purpose of securing an efficient canvass of every county in the State, with copies of the Petition. In some counties there are a goodly number of self-constituted local committees already at work, systematically circulating the Petition, giving to all the men and women in the community an opportunity to append their signatures.

Recent events have opened up to us a new and a most important chapter in the history of the gigantic struggle between freedom and slavery in America. In JOHN BROWN'S nobly intended, self-sacrificing and heroic demonstration against slavery, in Virginia, have we heard a first, loud peal of that "Liberty Bell" which shall some day, perhaps not far distant in the future, "proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison-doors to them that are bound." By the terms of confederation in the American Union, the parties to that Union are in a pledged and sworn "conspiracy," and "insurrection" against a nation—four millions—of slaves. They (the slaves) have been seized upon, torn from their homes, overpowered, imprisoned, driven to unrequited toil, *not* "uniformly treated with courtesy and kindness, and assured that no harm would come to them," but peeled, plundered, outraged in ways innumerable, burned at the stake, and subjected to an "oppression one hour of which is worse to endure than ages of that which our fathers rose in rebellion to oppose."

This wicked conspiracy and "vile insurrection" against the liberty and lives of a nation has been in progress many years, and so far has been to a great extent "successful." The tragical scenes of this oppressive conspiracy transpire, mainly, south of Mason and Dixon's line, but there is no lack of conclusive evidence that, in league with it, "accessories before the fact," cognizant of the design of the conspirators, guilty of furnishing aid and encouragement, are multitudes of highly respectable and influential parties, all through the North, United States Senators, members of Congress, ALL LOYAL CITIZENS, the chief priests and pharisees of the American Tract Society, the men and women of all the large and popular religious denominations of the land. Most astounding revelations in regard to this wide-spread "affair" have been and continue to be made by the Anti-Slavery movement of this country. Not only is there a promised security extended to the immediate actors in this guilty conspiracy by these parties in the North in complicity with slavery, but so complete and extensive is the "plan of operations," and so general its ramifications through all parts of the country, that, if a victim escapes to the North, the pledge of "good citizenship" is that he or she shall be given up to go back again to the imprisonment and cruelties of slavery.

It is our distinct purpose and most emphatic determination that this inhuman and "extensively organized conspiracy" SHALL BE BROKEN UP. We do not insist that all these guilty parties, in complicity with slavery, shall be capitally executed, but we do insist that their connection with so disgraceful and criminal an "institution" shall be speedily and forever terminated.

One good service we can certainly render, at once engage in, and are in conscience bound to do—that is to labor "with all our might" to make our own soil of the Empire State *absolutely and unqualifiedly* FREE—an asylum for the oppressed and forlorn victims of the great "national conspiracy" who may and do come to us for protection. Let no more go on to Canada for the security they should find here, and let not another one, on any account, go back again to slavery. To this end your readers, in all parts of the State, are earnestly requested to begin at once the labor of circulating the petitions, and to see to it that the work is thoroughly done, by or before the middle of January next; also to unite with the State Committee, to the extent of their ability, in the execution of other measures designed to secure, by the next Legislature, we trust, the passage of an uncompromising Personal Liberty law. Such of your readers as have not received blank copies of the Petition may obtain a supply by addressing George E. Baker, Esq., *Albany, N. Y.*, or Wm. Leonard, *Anti-Slavery Office, 5 Beekman street, New York.*

So long as slaveholding and slave-hunting continue to be legalized "institutions" in America, a huge criminal conspiracy, in treasonable defiance of the law of God, and "judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off," and "truth is fallen in the street," let our unceasing "fast" be "to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, to break every yoke, and to let the oppressed go free." Let not the sublime and unparalleled example of unselfish, courageous, self-forgetful and heroic consecration to a Divine idea, so dearly given by JOHN BROWN and his associates, be lost upon us. May it prove, as it must, an added incentive to a renewed, more earnest and uncompromising resolution to meet and discharge, in our own way, the duties of the hour, in the arduous struggle, the "irrepressible conflict," which is before us. AARON M. POWELL.

New York, Nov. 2, 1859.

MOB IN NEWPORT, KENTUCKY.

THE PRESS OF "THE FREE SOUTH" THROWN INTO THE OHIO RIVER.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DESPOTISM trembles on his throne. John Brown, in his unfortunate attempt at Harper's Ferry, struck a chord which sent a note of terror to the farthest recess of the South. The jailor of Paul and Silas was not more alarmed when the prison shook and the prisoners' bonds fell off than were the slaveholders when they feared that a door of the vast prison-house of the slave had been broken down. In imagination they saw the impending destruction of the huge Bastile of Slavery, and the crash of its falling walls was ringing in their ears like the "crack of doom." They no sooner touched their beds than the terrible panorama of Abolitionism unrolled itself in their dreams. They saw huge armies of huge blacks, marshalled by the arch-traitors, Garrison, Phillips, Smith and Giddings. The heavens reddened with the glare of burning cities, and, in fine, throughout the South the Reign of Terror was established. All this was caused by the rash raid of one man. But NOW, when the fires of insurrection have been quenched, and *Brown*, wounded, lies at the tender mercies of a Southern Court—*now* the color comes back to pale faces and the scared Chivalry are themselves again.

This bold reaction has manifested itself in Newport, Ky. On the evening of the 28th a mob forcibly entered the printing-office of *The Free South*, a weekly anti-slavery paper, and destroyed a large quantity of type. Then, having broken the forms and damaged the presses, they departed, warning the editor, Wm. S. Bailey, never to publish his paper again. The next day the citizens of Newport assembled together, and, after a vain attempt to pass "law and order" resolutions, the meeting adjourned. The majority of the crowd proceeded to the office of the obnoxious sheet and battered down the doors. They at first intended to remove the press to Cincinnati; but when they arrived at the river, the counsel of the most violent prevailed and the press was consigned to the waters of the Ohio. It is worthy to be recorded that the Prosecuting Attorney and the Sheriff of the county were among the mob. It may also be remarked that the Federal and State Executive did not order out the military to support the majesty of the LAW, as at Harper's Ferry.

I have conversed with the President of the Republican Association in Newport, and find him determined to encourage the continued publication of the paper.

You have heard, perhaps, of the infamous proceedings of Commissioner Newhall in remanding a *supposed* fugitive into slavery, without allowing him to produce witnesses to prove that he was free. If a Commissioner has the right to violate the most sacred laws, why cannot the people violate such an infamous enactment as the Fugitive Slave law? A few more acts like this which occured a few days ago will teach the people of Cincinnati to obey God rather than man.

Yours in the Cause, X.

MISS REMOND AND THE LONDON FIRST OF AUGUST MEETING.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DEAR SIR: In a recent number of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD you published a letter from Miss Martineau, in which there occurs the following passage:

"The First of August meeting in London was successful as far as it went; but it might have been much more interesting but for the ill-judged exclusion of Miss Remond from the speakers' platform. This was done by the intervention of that kind of abolitionism which can make very fine speeches on liberty and slavery, but cannot free itself from some bondage or other which stops it short and makes it stop everybody it can reach. The objection to inviting Miss Remond to speak was that 'it might raise the much-vexed question of Woman's Rights'—an excuse too low and too irrelevant to need any exposure here. On other occasions people of less pretensions than those objectors have encouraged Miss Remond to speak in London, and have heard her with the deepest interest."

To say nothing of the discourteous tone in which Miss Martineau has thought proper to write of those who have given as good proofs of their attachment to the anti-slavery cause as she herself has furnished, there is so much unfairness in her statement of the facts connected with Miss Remond's exclusion from the platform of our First of August meeting that, in justice to the London Emancipation Committee, I am compelled to ask you to publish a brief rejoinder. With that view, I cannot, perhaps, do better than send you a copy of a letter which I have just addressed to the Secretary of the Bristol and Clifton Anti Slavery Society. I may, however, add, on the best possible authority, what I did not state in this letter, that Lord Brougham himself, while paying a high tribute to Miss Remond's acknowledged abilities, yet expressed a very decided opinion against her being called upon to speak at the First of August meeting. Lord Brougham is now a man of venerable age; he belongs, in a great measure, to another generation; and we, therefore, cannot wonder at his prejudices, however much, as in this case, we might be disposed to regret them. But, however unfortunate Miss Remond's exclusion may have been, I do not think that we were called upon by any principle of justice or duty to insist upon the abstract right of that lady to speak, with the certainty that we should lose the services, as our President, of the most illustrious of living Abolitionists.

Yours very truly, F. W. CHESSON, Hon. Sec'y.

34 Newington Crescent, London, 14th Oct., 1859.

(Copy.)

LONDON, 10th Oct., 1859.

DEAR MADAM: I duly received your note of the 6th inst., conveying, on behalf of the Bristol and Clifton Anti-Slavery Society, an expression of your "regret and disappointment" at the exclusion of Miss Remond's name from the list of speakers at the meeting we held on the first of August in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of West India Emancipation. With every disposition to recognize your perfect right to criticize the conduct of the London Emancipation Committee in this matter, I cannot help remarking that greater fairness would have been shown to us had you sought to ascertain the reasons for the exclusion of Miss Remond before you pressed a resolution which, whether it be so intended or not, is equivalent to a vote of censure upon us. But I beg now to make you acquainted with the circumstances under which we acted, in the hope that you will see that your censure was not altogether deserved.

In the first place, then, I must state that although the First of August meeting was held under the auspices and mainly at the expense of the Emancipation Committee, it was not exclusively their meeting. It was judged, and judged properly, that no worthy celebration of *the twenty-fifth* anniversary of the day could be held unless as many as possible of the veterans of the anti-slavery movement in this country could be induced to take part in the proceedings or to sanction them by their presence. This was the view taken by Lord Brougham, and indeed we stipulated as the one essential condition of his presiding that all parties should unite to support him on the platform. It was upon this principle that the arrangements for the meeting were based; and when you know the strong prejudice against the Woman's Rights question, as it is called, which exists in certain quarters, you can, perhaps, form some idea of the awkwardness of the position in which we were placed. Lord Brougham's coming at all depended upon the cooperation of persons who, we had reason to believe, were not prepared to recognise the right of women to speak at public meetings, and we, therefore, in point of fact, had to choose between Lord Brougham and Miss Remond. As this was really the state of the case, I am satisfied that we acted with wise discretion in the matter, and that we have done nothing that we need be ashamed of or that we could wish to be undone. The Committee meeting at which this decision was arrived at was the largest we have yet held, and the expression of opinion on the subject was unanimous. Nor must it, for a minute, be supposed that we personally entertained any objection to women speaking at public meetings. On the contrary, only a few days before, we held a meeting in Southwark entirely on Miss Remond's account, and we were prepared to get up similar meetings in other parts of London, as opportunity might serve.

Trusting that these explanations may prove satisfactory, and hoping to hear from you again,

I remain, very truly yours,

F. W. CHESSON, Hon. Sec'y.

Miss THOMAS, Secretary of the Bristol and Clifton Anti-Slavery Society.

PERSONAL.

Senator Sumner is expected home next week, with health renewed. His friends in Boston will probably give him a public reception.

The Tribune says: "It is reported that Wendell Phillips, on receiving one hundred dollars for his recent lecture at Plymouth Church, upon the Harper's Ferry Invasion, immediately paid over the whole sum as a contribution to John Brown, to procure for him such comforts as he may need in the few remaining days of his life."

Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm, formerly editor of the *Saturday Visitor* at Pittsburgh, but now of the St. Cloud (Minnesota) *Democrat*, and well known as a woman of wit and genius, is prepared to deliver Lyceum lectures wherever her services may be required. She holds radical views of woman's position as a wife and of her duties to her enslaved sisters, and her style is so peculiarly racy and original that she can hardly fail to command large audiences.

Theodore Tilton was a Republican candidate for the Assembly in one of the Brooklyn districts, at the election on Tuesday last. He was defeated, however, by 400 majority, in a district usually Democratic by more than 1,000. His introduction of Wendell Phillips at Plymouth Church, on the night of that gentleman's lecture on "The Lesson of the Hour," lost him many votes, the cry at the Democratic polling-places having been, "Spot that Abolition Assemblyman."

The Philadelphia *Sunday Dispatch* says that a number of persons, "said to have been instigated by Market street jobbers anxious to conciliate the South," intended to pelt Wendell Phillips with eggs, on Thursday evening of last week, when he delivered his lecture on "The Lost Arts" in that city. "Chief Ruggles," says that paper, "got wind of the matter, and, with a force of thirty officers, without their stars, the egging was prevented." There was also some attempt at disturbance at Port Richmond, Staten Island, on the following evening, upon the occasion of Mr. Phillips's delivering the same lecture in that place; but it was defeated by the well-directed efforts of respectable citizens of all parties. The immediate occasion of these mobocratic demonstrations was, of course, Mr. Phillips's Plymouth Lecture, which stirred the wrath of the pimps of slavery everywhere. Their easy defeat is a significant sign of the times.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU...No. XVI.

October 18, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: At this season of the British year, when there is no domestic news but of accidents, deaths, and marriages, some one topic may yet be usually traced as occupying the mind of society more than others; and this is the case during the recreative season of the present year. These autumn months are a time of leisure and freedom to people who stay at home, and even to invalids who, like your correspondent, never cross the threshold, or are mixed up with the bustle of life in the world. Neighbors are out on their travels; so are relatives and correspondents; so that there are few visitors, few letters, and little excitement of news. Thus the stay-at-home people have leisure to discover the ideas that are predominant where men assemble, and to ponder them, in preparation for that social action which is sure to follow, sooner or later, an autumn discussion as broad as the land. This is the season for gatherings of all kinds at which the presence of metropolitan notabilities is desired. There has been a very successful meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science; and to-day begins (at Bradford, Yorkshire) the third annual meeting of the Social Science Association. Almost daily there are agricultural festivals, at which trials of implements and of skill take place, and a dinner, which is followed by speeches, always worthy of note as signs of the times. The speakers are often the Members for the county or chief town; and the great landlord of the neighborhood, noble or gentle; and any distinguished soldier or sailor who calls that region his native place. In the great manufacturing towns there are meetings to do honor to high officials going abroad, or just returned home, such assemblages being often used to promote some movement which is to appear in the next session of Parliament, in the shape of some reform or some new measure. A good deal of this kind of activity is going on at present, while every public man and most busy citizens are on the move, sporting, or visiting country seats, or travelling for refreshment. Everywhere the topic which turns up seems to be the terms of labor and the condition of the laborer.

It is natural to exclaim that this is the consequence of the great strike in the building trades. No doubt that strike occupies a good deal of attention, and excites anxious consideration; but if it had not happened till next year, the condition of the rural laborer would have been still the uppermost topic at the rural meetings. The truth is, a great change has come over the farm-laborers of Great Britain and Ireland, and there is more to come. I well remember the days when British farmers were burdened with paupers in each parish, and when they shifted off their difficulties by paying wages out of the rates. The degradation of the laborers was then just what might be expected from such management; but, in the time of the old poor-law, it was difficult to see how anything could be done. In hay and harvest times we were flooded with poor Irish, who came to fatten on English diet, and earn money on which to drag through the winter. Now, all this is so changed that one can scarcely believe one has witnessed the two conditions with one's own eyes (an encouragement for *you* in the transition state of your Southern labor market). The ravage of pauperism has long been stopped by the reform of the poor-law, followed by the repeal of the corn-laws; and now we hear no more of surplus labor in parishes; but, on the contrary, of difficulty and loss from deficiency of hands. The crops have been injured in many districts by delay from want of hands to gather them. The Irish have not come, because they have now full employment and good wages at home. Everywhere the exclamation has been that "something must be done before another year." In other words, machinery must be adopted more; and the willingness, and even zeal, with which which the laborers apply themselves to the use of machinery seems to show that they are aware how it will raise their position, and even that they are already prepared for that higher position. Accordingly, we see attention now paid to suggestions that it is no longer accordant with the spirit of the time to reward men and women for being diligent and respectable. Mr. Walter, chief proprietor of the *Times* newspaper, has been preaching what I think good sermons, as far as they go, from one table to another of agricultural meetings, though I should be disposed to go further than he. In substance he says to the members: "You are very right to offer prizes for good ploughing, or successful management of stock, for any skill in the arts of tillage and grazing; but you encroach on a province in which you have no business when you give prizes for long service, or any form of good moral conduct." So far I agree with him; but not when he says that the employer is the proper person to reward such moral conduct. My doctrine is, a fair field for conduct and its consequences, and no interference either to reward or punish. But the discussion of the question shows that the laborer is a rising man; no longer a machine, but a skilled workman; and the solicitude shown about improved dwellings for his class, and education for his children, testifies to the same fact. Thus we find ourselves free at last from the two devouring evils of our social state—the growth of pauperism and the misery of Ireland. When the farm-laborers become equal to their new condition and prospects, there will be little pauperism in rural districts, and Ireland is now one of the most rising countries in the world.

What the condition of labor is in the mechanical vocations you may judge by the great strike in the seven building trades. If twenty thousand men in London throw down their tools in the midst of the busy season of the year, to obtain ten hours' wages for nine hours' work, you may imagine that they must be prosperous to be so absurd. They were, in fact, earning from 35s. to £3 a week, for that moderate amount of labor; that is an income larger than that of thousands of clergymen, retired officers, military and naval, and fund-holders. The demand has been universally condemned; and it now appears that the provincial members of those trades never approved it. The masons positively refused to join in it. It is a rather melancholy satire upon the movement that the bakers of London are endeavoring to procure a reduction of the hours of labor to twelve! Everybody sympathizes with this, and the employers not least; and the difficulty is simply the practical one of supplying London with hot bread without night labor. No doubt it will be done. Meanwhile the employers have conquered in the quarrel of the builders. There never could be any doubt that they would. The men were wrong, from first to last, the many being the tools and victims of the unscrupulous and self-seeking few. It is not a strife about the hours and wages of a particular season, but whether the employers shall henceforth be free to manage their own business on their own premises, and the men to make their own bargains, or whether both shall be subject to the control of some unknown and irresponsible central authority, ignorant and self-seeking—as in the case wherein the managers proposed to raise wages (*i. e.*, to reduce hours) for the purpose of enforcing a tenth more laborers upon the employers. The more men, the more wages, was their doctrine? The masters would employ no men but those who chose to be independent of such control, and now the employers have obtained ten thousand of such free and independent workmen—enough to carry on their works at this advanced period of the season. The poor slaves and dupes of the hidden despotism, called the council of the trade, have now lost their time, their wages, and their engagement, and have only the workhouse to look forward to when the bad weather comes. But, again, they have no claim to the fund raised for the helpless, as they have refused work and good wages. It is a dreary prospect for them, and heavy retribution for trust in false guides. By the way, what can be the meaning of the New York stone masons supporting any part of this strike? We are told from your side of the water that they are sending large sums of money to the masons here, who have actually repudiated the nine hours' movement, and have only stood up for their set of rules, which are incompatible with the rights of citizenship and the laws of the land. The refusal of the masons to allow their rules to be tested by the law is the ground of difference between them and their employers, and not any conflict about the terms of labor. It is not creditable to them; and it seems scarcely possible that their case can be understood by their New York brethren. However, it looks as if an accommodation were just at hand.

Labor might, you see, be highly prosperous here, and it is so wherever intelligence corresponds with the external means. How is it elsewhere?—a great question, since on it depends at present the peace of the world. In France the depression is very severe. The uncertainty about peace, the constant apprehension of war, the darkness of ignorance in which the nation is stumbling, from the slavery of the press, all unite to paralyze commerce, and therefore to starve the working classes. Then the Emperor orders vast public works to relieve the artisans; but these works cost money, raised by taxation; so it is only cutting off the top of the blanket to sew it on to the bottom, and the great annual deficit, which is hidden by fine words, but which yawns towards bankruptcy, is sure to be again aggravated. Protective laws deepen the mischief; and unless a period of peace and free trade can be had soon, the Emperor may expect another revolution (a perfectly unnecessary one) from the hunger of the working classes. Even worse than this, if possible, is the despot's policy in the colonies. You may have seen what is the state of French Guiana. The colored race interdicted from the purchase of land, and wholly at the mercy of the planters as to wages, so that they betake themselves to all occupations but that of tillage; hence an artificial deficiency of labor, and a demand for native Africans and Asiatics; hence the Emperor's disguised slave trade, and the outbreak of such disturbances as that at Shanghae, giving occasion for international wars. Such is the miserable circle of bad policy—slaveholding policy. It ruins the colonies in which it exists; it desolates Africa, disturbing industry and commerce far beyond the limits of the actual slave-hunting; it exasperates China; it injures everybody all round, and serves nobody. I see you have reprinted in THE STANDARD Gov. Hincks's speech, which shows so plainly how all these mischiefs may be avoided, simply by a natural use of the labor existing within the colonies.

What will your Southern fellow citizens do? They must make up their minds to some course, for the world will not bear the continuance of the African slave trade, in the teeth of treaties. It is a graver matter than the San Juan or any other difficulty, and we hope you will make your next President clearly understand that British and Americans alike think it so.

I suppose there is nothing for us to say to each other about the San Juan affair. If Fremont's map, as adopted at Washington, is really in the hands of both governments, with the disputed islands on the British side of the colored frontier line, there seems to be no ground of dispute. If it should be otherwise, both governments seem disposed to consider it a matter for diplomatic settlement. Such acts as General Harney's, occurring too often, on one frontier or another, are much to be regretted, as lowering your national reputation for good sense and good manners. We cannot say, each time, as you do, that it is the act of a turbulent individual alone; but, as long as the individual is American, the discredit becomes American in time. If Governor Douglass has misconducted himself in any way, the same remark will apply on the other side; but at present we hear no harm of him.

The delay in the settlement of Italian affairs, designed, apparently, to confound them, has turned out most favorably for Italian liberty. We thought so, at least, up to the day last week when the first outrage occurred—the ferocious murder of Col. Anviti at Parma. Many a good man would, I doubt not, have laid down his life to avert that act. Patriots groan over it, and, of course, the despots gloat over it. In all else the Italians have more than fulfilled the highest expectations. The sullen oracle in France will soon cease to be an oracle if it will not speak. We trust that matters have gone too far now in the formation of an Italian kingdom to be stopped by pope, king, or kaiser, and the whole force of English influence is on the side of the people of Italy. This may be one cause of the delay.

Yours, &c., H. MARTINEAU.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Two weeks of Lying by the Administration Organ—What will the upshot be?—Are the Republicans frightened?—John Brown—The effect of his act upon the South, etc., etc.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 7, 1859.

THE entire history of political warfare in this country cannot furnish so dark a page as that of the last two weeks. Partisan bitterness, political enmity, never before went so far, and I believe never will do it again, unless this continent is given up at once and entirely into the hands of the devil.

We have here in Washington a cleanly printed newspaper which appears every morning in the week, *Mondays* excepted. It is the organ of this Government—of the Administration—of Mr. Buchanan. One would suppose that such a journal, however earnest it might be in its advocacy of selfish principles, would be conducted with something like fairness—would treat a political opponent with a slight degree of courtesy. But for two weeks this journal has been every morning crammed to repletion with the baldest of falsehoods and the most silly forgeries. Day after day Mr. Seward, Mr. Chase, Mr. Hale and others have been charged with actual cooperation with John Brown in his invasion of "Old Virginny." Forged speeches have been put into the mouth of Mr. Giddings, calling upon the slaves to arm, and garbled extracts from anti-slavery speeches and newspapers have been published—all to convince the South that the Republicans countenance the extirpation of slavery by the use of the sword. No—it is not so much to convince the South that these lies are fabricated and circulated as it is to terrify Republicans into a desertion of some of their leaders. What is to be the upshot of all this lying? Are the Republicans to be frightened into the abandonment of their principles? Will they take the more fondly to men like Tom Corwin, who go about the free States making pleas for the iniquitous slave-catching statute? I confess I am in some doubt, but I still believe not. The effect of the strange adventure of Brown and his companions may temporarily affect the Republicans adversely, but in the end it will swell their vote by tens of thousands. At any rate, whatever the effect may be upon political parties, it cannot fail to increase the anti-slavery sentiment of the North.

We shall have no more outside attacks upon slave States like that of John Brown and his associates, I think; but the North will become more united against the system, and will see to it that their representatives, in all the public positions to which men are elected, are of the right mettle. I have always deprecated such work as that at Harper's Ferry, or the running off of slaves. To come here and excite slaves to run away is not only a foolish and dangerous business—it is cruel to the slave, when we consider the mass. I am more than ever confident that slavery will fall through the force of ideas—through argument, appeal and entreaty. From this slave territory I can look to you at the North and perceive that what we want most just now is a *united North*—a people there who, to a man, hate slavery—a Northern sentiment which will not for an instant tolerate lukewarmness in a representative—which will do entire justice to the free negro, make the fugitive *safe* in every free State, and cut off from every Church a slaveholder as quick as a pirate. Create such a sentiment as this in the free States, and slavery will not live ten years longer. It will make itself felt upon the South, and slavery will perish—not by the Sword, but *by the Pen*.

John Brown will do a great work by his death upon a Virginia gallows. I can judge of the intense feeling upon the subject in the free States by what I notice here, on slave soil. Most of our citizens pity Brown and desire his pardon. A fierce slavery Democrat told me, the other morning, that he could not endure the idea of Brown's death upon the scaffold. "Why?" asked I; "if Brown is the scoundrel you and your friends charge him to be, why not hang him?" "Well," he replied, "to be frank with you, I will not deny that I believe Brown is a noble old saint. I think he is wrong, that his ideas are wrong, that his conduct was wrong; but, then, *he thinks* he is right, and, as the motive makes the man, I believe John Brown is as brave and generous, though not as wise, as any of the heroes who, before him, have died for liberty. *I don't want such a man hung!*"

You can see from this single case what effect the death of Brown will have in the slave States. The journals keep up their lying about him, but they publish enough to show the people that here is a man who so hated slavery, who so pitied the slave, that he gave up his life for a chance in a million of damaging the one and aiding the other. This fact is a powerful sermon in itself. It is an idea, red-hot from the abolition furnace. It is a fact which no time-serving Board can suppress, and all the slave journals are giving it currency. One year hence four hundred thousand slaveholders and four million of slaves will know that John Brown died in making an assault upon slavery, and upon master and slave it will produce a deep impression, and result, I cannot but believe, in good.

The mere politicians who hang on the skirts of the Republican party for plunder are doubtless a little frightened, and incline to lower the standard—to give Seward the go-by for a Bates or a Botts. But not so with any genuine Republican. While it is undoubtedly true that the members of that party deprecate any such resort to arms as that of John Brown and his band, while they condemn his conduct explicitly (I am speaking for the Republicans, remark), yet they see in the sad affair fresh cause for renewed exertions against the barbarous and wicked institution which drove poor Brown mad, as it were, and which licks up his blood with the eagerness, haste and cowardice of a pack of wolves.

It is seen here, by pro-slavery as well as anti-slavery men that slavery is a source of weakness—that it is a dangerous indulgence. This is the lever which Southern men, "poor white men," will use on slave soil ere long. The *sin* of slavery and the *danger* of slavery—if these two ideas will not extirpate it peaceably, then it will go down by spontaneous insurrections. AVON.

TWENTY-SIXTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION-ANNIVERSARY,

IN THE MONTH OF JANUARY NEXT, IN BOSTON, 1860.

IN a year when Americans find themselves citizens of a country where the African slave trade is going on, and slave-hunting unforbidden, and sheltering the fugitive indicted as a crime, and the leading religious and political influences so dead to this public shame as to discountenance legislative reform, we are confident that we have only to open our subscription in order to be becomingly and effectually sustained by the awakening virtue of the people, in the enterprise to which our lives are given.

We entreat, then, all the friends of Liberty, and the foes of Slavery, everywhere, in the South as at the North—in Europe as in America—philosophers as well as Christians, Catholics no less than Protestants, to subscribe to a fund and a mode of expenditure which prepares the way before every sect, every party, every association; which makes all other men's anti-slavery labor light, and which has, for six and twenty years, been laying the foundations of many generations, so as to exclude slavery from American institutions, and secure to posterity those blessings of liberty which the last generation passed away without enjoying.

THE UNDERSIGNED, while asking the favor of their subscribers' company, on their customary Anniversary occasion, are impelled by the goodness and the grandeur of the enterprise, by its indispensable necessity, by the universal and fundamental character of its principles, to entreat also the assistance of *all*. The crisis in the nation's life makes the occasion—one which it will be worth crossing the ocean to participate in. And while th

THE STANDARD.

*THE LESSON OF THE HOUR.**

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I speak with the utmost sincerity when I say that I cannot expect—speaking from this platform, and to you—to say anything on the vital question of the hour which you have not already heard. I should not, in that sense, willingly have come here; but, when a great question divides the community, all men are called upon to vote, and I feel to-night that I am simply giving my vote. I am only saying "ditto" to what you hear from this platform day after day. And I would willingly have avoided, ladies and gentlemen, even at this last moment, borrowing this hour from you. I tried to do better by you. Like the Irishman in the story, I offered to hold the hat of Hon. Thomas Corwin, of Ohio (enthusiastic applause), if he would only make a speech, and, most unaccountably, I am sorry to say, he declined this generous offer (laughter). So I must fulfil my appointment, and deliver my little lecture myself.

"THE LESSON OF THE HOUR?" I think the lesson of the hour is insurrection (sensation). Insurrection of thought always precedes the insurrection of arms. The last twenty years have been insurrection of thought. We seem to be entering on a new phase of the great moral American struggle. It seems to me that we have never accepted, as Americans—we have never accepted our own civilization. We have held back from the inference which we ought to have drawn from the admitted principles which underlie our life. We have all the timidity of the old world, when we bend our eyes upon ideas of the people; we shrink back, trying to save ourselves from the inevitable might of the thoughts of the millions. The idea of civilization on the other side of the water seems to be that man is created to be taken care of by somebody else. God did not leave him fit to go alone; he is in everlasting pupilage to the wealthy and the educated. The religious or the comfortable classes are an ever-present probate court to take care of him. The Old World, therefore, has always distrusted the average conscience—the common sense of the millions.

It seems to me the idea of our civilization—underlying all American life—is that we do not need any protector. We need no safeguard. Not only the inevitable, but the best, power this side of the ocean is the unfettered average common sense of the masses. Institutions, as we are accustomed to call them, are but pasteboard, and intended to be against the thought of the street. Statutes are mere mile-stones, telling how far yesterday's thought had travelled; and the talk of the sidewalk to-day is the law of the land. Somewhat briefly stated, such is the idea of American civilization, uncompromising faith—in the average selfishness, if you choose—of all classes, neutralizing each other and tending toward that fair play that Saxons love. It seems to me that on all questions we dread thought; we shrink behind something; we acknowledge ourselves unequal to the sublime faith of our fathers; and the exhibition of the last twenty years and of the present state of public affairs is that Americans dread to look their real position in the face.

They say in Ireland that every Irishman thinks that he was born sixty days too late (laughter), and the world owes him sixty days. The consequence is, when a trader says such a thing is so much for cash, the Irishman thinks cash means to him a bill of sixty days (laughter). So it is with Americans. They have no idea of absolute right. They were born since 1787, and absolute right means the truth diluted by a strong decoction of the Constitution of '89. They are all in that atmosphere; they don't want to sail outside of it; they do not attempt to reason outside of it. For the last twenty years there has been going on, more or less heeded and understood in various States, an insurrection of ideas against the limited, cribbed, cabined, isolated American civilization, interfering to restore absolute right—not only that, but the recognition and conviction of absolute truth. If you said to an American, for instance, anything in regard to temperance, slavery, or anything else—in the course of the last twenty years—anything about a principle, he ran back instantly to the *safety* of such a principle—to the possibility of its existing with a peculiar sect, with a church, with a party, with a constitution, with a law. He had not yet raised himself unto the level of daring to trust justice, which is the preliminary consideration to trusting the people; for whether native depravity be true or not, it is a truth, attested by all history, that the race gravitates towards justice, and that, indulging all differences of opinion, there is an inherent essential tendency to the great English principle of fair play at the bottom of our natures (loud applause). The Emperor Nicholas, it is said, ordered Col. Whistler, one of his engineers, to lay down for him a road for a railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and presently the engineers brought him in a large piece of fine card-paper, on which was laid down, like a snake, the designed path for the iron locomotive between the two capitals. "What's that?" said Nicholas. "That's the best road," was the reply. "What do you make it crooked for?" "Why, we turn this way to touch this great city, and to the left to reach that immense mass of people, and to the right again to suit the business of that district." "Yes." The Emperor turned the card over, made a new dot for Moscow and another for St. Petersburg, took a ruler, made a straight line, and said, "Build me that road" (laughter). "But what will become of that dépôt of trade, of that town?" "I don't know; they must look out for themselves" (cheers). And the emperor of omnipotent Democracy says of slavery, or of a Church, this is justice and that is iniquity; the track of God's thunderbolt goes in a straight line from one to the other, and the Church that cannot stand it must stand out of the way (cheers). Now, our object for twenty years has been to educate the mass of the American people up to that level of moral life which shall recognize that free speech, carried to that extent, is God's normal school, educating the American mind, throwing upon it the grave responsibility of deciding a great question, and, by means of that responsibility, lifting it to the higher level of an intellectual and moral life. Now scholarship stands on one side, and, like your Brooklyn *Eagle*, says, "This is madness!" Well, poor man! he thinks so! (Laughter.) The very difficulty of the whole matter is that he does think so, and this normal school that we open is for him. His seat is on the lowest end of the lowest bench (laughter and applause). But he only represents that very chronic distrust which pervades all that class. It is the timid, educated mind of these Northern States. Anacharsis went into the forum at Athens and heard a case argued by the great minds of the day, and saw the vote. He walked out into the streets, and somebody said to him, "What think you of Athenian liberty?" "I think," said he, "wise men argue causes and fools decide them." Just what the timid scholar, two thousand years ago, said in the streets of Athens, that which calls itself the scholarship of the United States says to-day of popular agitation, that it lets wise men argue questions and fools decide them. But that early Athens, where fools decided the gravest questions of polity and right and wrong, where it was not safe to be just, and where property might be wrung from you by the prejudices of the mob to-morrow, which you had garnered up by the thrift and industry of to-day—that very Athens invented art and sounded for us the depths of philosophy; God lent to it the noblest intellects, and it flashes to-day the torch that gilds yet the mountain peaks of the old world; while Egypt, the bunker conservative of antiquity, where nobody dared to differ from the priest, or to be wiser than his grandfather—where men pretended to be alive, though swaddled in the grave-clothes of creed and custom as close as their mummies in linen—is hid in the tomb it inhabited; and the intellect which Athens has created for us digs to-day those ashes to find out what bunkerism knew and did (cheers). Now, my idea of American civilization is that it is a second part, a repetition of that same sublime confidence in the public conscience and the public thought that made the groundwork of Grecian Democracy.

Well, we have been talking for twenty years. There have been various evidences of growth and education; I will tell you of one. The first evidence that a sinner, convicted of sin and too blind or too lazy to reform—the first evidence that he can give that his nature has been touched is that he becomes a hypocrite; he has the grace to pretend to be something. Now, the first evidence that the American people gave of that commencing grace of hypocrisy was this: in 1833, when we commenced the anti-slavery agitation, the papers talked about slavery, bondage, American slavery, boldly, frankly and bluntly. In a few years it sounded hard; it had a grating effect; the hardest throat of the hardest Democrat felt it as it came out. So they spoke of the "patriarchal institution" (laughter); then of the "domestic institution" (continued laughter); and then of the "peculiar institution" (laughter); and in a year or two they got beyond that. Mississippi published a report, from her Senate, in which she went a stride beyond, and described it as "economic subordination" (renewed laughter). A Methodist Bishop in Ohio was taken to task for holding slaves in reality, but his Methodist brethren were not courageous enough to say "slaves" right out in meeting, and so they said the Bishop must get rid of his "impediment" (loud laughter); and the late Mr. Rufus Choate, in the last Democratic canvass in my own State, undertaking and necessitated to refer to the institutions of the South, and knowing that his old New England lips, that had spoken so many glorious free truths in the twenty years that were ended, could not foul their last days with the hated word, phrased it "a different type of industry." Now, hypocrisy—why, "it is the homage that Vice renders to Virtue." When men begin to get weary of capital punishment, they banish the gallows inside the jail-yard, and do not let anybody see it without a special card of invitation from the sheriff. And so they have banished slavery into pet phrases and fancy flash words. If you should dig our Egyptian bunkerism up from the grave into which it is rapidly sinking, we should have to get a commentator of the true German blood to find out what all these queer, odd, peculiar, imaginative paraphrases mean in this middle of the nineteenth century. That was one evidence of progress. I believe in moral suasion. I believe the age of bullets is over. I believe that the age of ideas is come. I think that is the preaching of our country. The old Hindoo dreamed, you know, that he saw the human race led out to its varied fortune. First, he saw men bitted and curbed, and the reins went back to an iron hand. But his dream changed on and on, until at last he saw men led by reins that came from the brain and went back into an unseen hand. It was the type of governments; the first a government of despotism, palpable, iron; and the last, our government, a government of brains, a government of ideas. I believe in it—in public opinion. Yet, let me say, in passing, that I think you can make a better use of iron than forging it into chains. If you must have the metal, put it into Sharp's rifles. It is a great deal better used that way than in fetters—a great deal better than in a clumsy statue of a mock great man, for hypocrites to kneel down and worship in a State-house yard (loud and renewed cheers and great hissing). I am so unused to hisses lately that I have forgotten what I had to say (laughter and hisses). I only know I meant what I did say.

My idea is public opinion, literature, education, as governing elements. But some men seem to think that our institutions are necessarily safe because we have free schools and cheap books, and a public opinion that controls. But that is no evidence of safety. India and China have had schools, and a school system almost identical with that of Massachusetts, for fifteen hundred years. And books were as cheap in Central and Northern Asia as they are in New York. But they have not secured liberty, nor secured a controlling public opinion, to either nation. Spain for three centuries had municipalities and town governments, as independent and self-supporting, and as representative of thought, as New England or New York has. But that did not save Spain. De Tocqueville says that fifty years before the great revolution public opinion was as omipotent in France as it is to-day, but it did not save France. You cannot save men by machinery. What India, and France, and Spain wanted was live men, and that is what we want to-day; men who are willing to look their own destiny, and their own functions, and their own responsibilities, in the face. "Grant me to see, and Ajax asks no more," was the prayer that the great poet put into the lips of his hero in the darkness that overspread the Grecian camp. All we want of American citizens is the opening of their own eyes and seeing things as they are. To the intelligent, thoughtful and determined gaze of twenty millions of Christian people, there is nothing, no institution wicked and powerful enough to be capable of standing against it. In Keats's beautiful poem of "Lamia" a young man had been led captive by a phantom girl, and was her slave of beauty, until the old teacher came in and fixed his thoughtful eye upon the figure and it vanished, and the pupil started up himself again. You see the great Commonwealth of Virginia, fitly represented by a pyramid standing upon its apex. A Connecticut-born man entered at one corner of her dominions, and fixed his cold grey eye upon the government of Virginia, and it almost vanished in his very gaze. For it seems that Virginia asked leave "to be" of John Brown at Harper's Ferry (cheers and applause). Connecticut has sent out many a school-master to the other thirty States; but never before so grand a teacher as that Litchfield-born school-master at Harper's Ferry, writing upon the Natural Bridge, in the face of nations, his simple copy, "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God" (loud cheers).

I said that the lesson of the hour was insurrection. I ought not to apply that word to John Brown of Osawatomie, for there was no insurrection in his case. It is a great mistake to call him an insurgent. This principle that I have endeavored so briefly to open to you, of absolute right and wrong, states what? Just this: "Commonwealth of Virginia!" There is no such thing. No civil society, no government, can exist except on the basis of the willing submission of all its citizens, and by the performance of the duty of rendering equal justice between man and man. Everything that calls itself a government, and refuses that duty, or has not that assent, is no government. It is only a pirate ship. Virginia, the Commonwealth of Virginia! She is only a chronic insurrection. I mean exactly what I say. I am weighing my words now. She is a pirate ship, and John Brown sails the sea a Lord High Admiral of the Almighty, with his commission to sink every pirate he meets on God's ocean of the nineteenth century (cheers and applause). I mean literally and exactly what I say. In God's World there are no majorities, no minorities; one, on God's side, is a majority. You have often heard here, doubtless, and I need not tell you the ground of morals. The rights of that one man are as sacred as those of the miscalled Commonwealth of Virgina. Virginia is only another Algiers. The barbarous horde who gag each other, imprison women for teaching children to read, prohibit the Bible, sell men on the auction-blocks, abolish marriage, condemn half their women to prostitution and devote themselves to the breeding of human beings for sale, is only a larger and blacker Algiers. The only prayer of a true man for such is, "Gracious Heaven! unless they repent, send soon their Exmouth and Decatur." John Brown has twice as much right to hang Gov. Wise as Gov. Wise has to hang him (cheers and hisses). You see I am talking of that absolute essence of things that lives in the sight of the Eternal and the Infinite: not as men judge it in the rotten morals of the nineteenth century, among a herd of States that calls itself an empire because it weaves cotton and sells slaves. What I say is this: Harper's Ferry was the only government in that vicinity. Respecting the trial, Virginia, true to herself, has shown exactly the same haste that the pirate does when he tries a man on deck and runs him up to the yard-arm. Unconsciously she is consistent. Now, you do not think this to-day, some of you, perhaps. But I tell you what absolute History shall judge of these forms and phantoms of ours. John Brown began his life, his active life, in Kansas. The South planted that seed; it reaps the first fruit now. Twelve years ago the great men in Washington, the Websters and the Clays, planted the Mexican war; and they reaped their appropriate fruit in Gen. Taylor and Gen. Pierce pushing them from their statesmen's stools. The South planted the seeds of violence in Kansas, and taught peaceful Northern men familiarity with the bowie-knife and revolver. They planted 999 seeds, and this is the first one that has flowered; this is the first drop of the coming shower. People do me the honor to say, in some of the Western papers, that this is traceable to some teachings of mine. It is too much honor to such as me. Gladly, if it were not fulsome vanity, would I clutch this laurel of having any share in the great resolute daring of that man who flung himself against an empire in behalf of justice and liberty. They were not the bravest men who fought at Saratoga and Yorktown in the war of 1776. O! no; it was rather those who flung themselves, at Lexington, few and feeble, against the embattled ranks of an empire till then thought irresistible. Elderly men in powdered wigs and red velvet smoothed their ruffles and cried "madmen." Full-fed custom-house men said, "A pistol-shot against Gibraltar!" But Capt. Ingraham, under the stars and stripes, dictating terms to the fleets of the Cæsars, was only the echo of the Lexington gun. Harper's Ferry is the Lexington of to-day. Up to this moment Brown's life has been one unmixed success. Prudence, skill, courage, thrift, knowledge of his time, knowledge of his opponents, undaunted daring in the face of the nation—he had all these. He was the man who could leave Kansas and go into Missouri and take eleven men and give them to liberty, and bring them off on the horses which he carried with him, and two which he took as tribute from their masters in order to facilitate escape. Then, when he has passed his human *protégés* from the vulture of the United States to the safe shelter of the English lion, this is the brave, frank and sublime truster in God's right and absolute justice, that entered his name in the city of Cleveland, "John Brown, of Kansas," and advertised there two horses for sale, and stood in front of the auctioneer's stand, notifying all bidders of the defect in the title (laughter). But he added with nonchalance, when he told the story, "they brought a very excellent price" (laughter). This is the man who, in the face of the nation, avowing his right, and endeavoring by what strength he had in behalf of the wronged, goes down to Harper's Ferry to follow up his work. Well, men say he failed. Every man has his Moscow. Suppose he did fail, every man meets his Waterloo at last. There are two kinds of defeat. Whether in chains or in laurels, LIBERTY knows nothing but victories. Bunker Hill soldiers call a defeat; but Liberty dates from it, though Warren lay dead on the field. Men say the attempt did not succeed. No man can command success. Whether it was well planned, and *deserved* to succeed, we shall be able to decide when Brown is free to tell us all he knows. Suppose he did fail, he has done a great deal still. Why, this is a decent country to live in now (laughter and cheers). Actually, in this Sodom of ours, seventeen men have been found ready to die for an idea. God be thanked, to John Brown that he has discovered or created them (cheers). I should feel some pride, if I was in Europe now, in confessing that I was an American (applause). We have redeemed the long infamy of twenty years of subservience. But look back a bit. Is there anything new about this? Nothing at all. It is the natural result of anti-slavery teaching. For one I accept it; I expected it. I cannot say that I prayed for it; I cannot say that I hoped for it. But at the same time no sane man has looked upon this matter for twenty years and supposed that we could go through this great moral convulsion, the great classes of society clashing and jostling against each other like frigates in a storm, and that there would not be such scenes as these.

Why, in 1835 it was the other way. Then it was my bull that gored your ox. Then ideas came in conflict, and men of violence, and men who had not made up their minds to wait for the slow conversion of conscience, men who trusted in their own right hands, men who believed in bowie-knives—why, such sacked the city of Philadelphia, such made New York to be governed by a mob; Boston saw its Mayor suppliant and kneeling to the chief of broad-cloth in broad daylight. It was all on that side. The natural result, the first result of this starting of ideas, is like people who get half awaked and use the first weapons that appear to them. The first developing and unfolding of national life were the mobs of 1835. People said it served us right, we had no right to the luxury of speaking our own minds; it was too expensive; these lavish, luxurious persons walking about here and actually saying what they think! Why, it was like speaking loud in the midst of the avalanches. To say "Liberty" in a loud tone, the Constitution of 1789 might come down—it would not do. But now things have changed. We have been talking thirty years. Twenty years we have talked everywhere, under all circumstances; we have been mobbed out of great cities, and pelted out of little ones; we have been abused by great men and by little papers (laughter and applause). What is the result? The tables have been turned; it is your bull that has gored my ox now. And men that still believe in violence, the five points of whose faith are the fist, the bowie-knife, fire, poison and the pistol, are ranged on the side of Liberty, and, unwilling to wait for the slow but sure steps of thought, lay on God's altar the best they have. You cannot expect to put a real Puritan Presbyterian, as John Brown is—a regular Cromwellian dug up from two centuries—in the midst of our New England civilization, that dare not say its soul is its own nor proclaim that it is wrong to sell a man at auction, and not have him show himself as he is? Put a hound in the presence of a deer, and he springs at his throat if he is a true bloodhound. Put a Christian in the presence of a sin, and he will spring at its throat if he is a true Christian. And so into an acid we might throw white matter, but unless it is chalk it will not produce agitation. So, if in a world of sinners you were to put American Christianity, it would be calm as oil. But put one Christian like John Brown of Osawatomie, and he makes the whole crystallize into right and wrong and marshal themselves on one side or the other. And God makes him the text, and all he asks of our comparatively cowardly lips is to preach the sermon, and say to the American people that, whether that old man succeeded in a worldly sense or not, he stood a representative of law, of government, of right, of justice, of religion, and they were pirates that gathered about him, and sought to wreak vengeance by taking his life. The banks of the Potomac, doubly dear now to History and to Man! The dust of Washington rests there; and History will see forever on that river-side the brave old man on his pallet, whose dust, when God calls him hence, the Father of his country would be proud to make room for beside his own. But if Virginia tyrants dare hang him, after this mockery of a trial, it will take two more Washingtons at least to make the name of the State anything but abominable to the ages that come after (applause and hisses). Well, I say what I really think (cheers and cries of "good," "good"). George Washington was a great man. Yet I say what I really think. And I know, ladies and gentlemen, that, educated as you have been by the experience of the last ten years here, you would have thought me the silliest as well as the most cowardly man in the world if I should have come, with my twenty years behind me, and talked about anything else to-night except that great example which one man has set us on the banks of the Potomac. You expected, of course, that I should tell you my opinion of it.

I value this element that Brown has introduced into American politics for another reason. The South is a great power—no cowards in Virginia (laughter). It was not cowardice (laughter). Now, I try to speak very plain, but you will misunderstand me. There is no cowardice in Virginia. The South are not cowards. The lunatics in the Gospel were not cowards when they said "Art thou come to torment us before the time?" (Laughter.) They were brave enough, but they saw afar off. They saw the tremendous power that was entering into that charmed circle: they knew its inevitable victory. Virginia did not tremble at an old gray-headed man at Harper's Ferry; they trembled at a John Brown in every man's own conscience. He had been there many years, and, like that terrific scene which Beckford has drawn for us in his *Hall of Eblis*, where all ran around, each man with an incurable wound in his bosom, and agreed not to speak of it, so the South has been running up and down its political and social life, and every man keeps his right hand pressed on the secret and incurable sore, with an understood agreement, in Church and State, that it never shall be mentioned for fear the great ghastly fabric shall come to pieces at the talismanic word. Brown uttered it, and the whole machinery trembled to its very base.

I value that movement. Did you ever see a blacksmith shoe a restless horse? If you have, you have seen him take a small cord and tie his upper lip. If you ask him what he does it for, he will tell you he does it to give the beast something to think of (laughter). Now, the South has extensive schemes. She grasps with one hand a Mexico, and with the other she dictates terms to Church, she imposes conditions on State, she buys up Webster with a little and Everett with nothing (great laughter and applause). John Brown has given her something else to think of. He has turned her attention inwardly. He has taught her that there has been created a new element in this Northern mind; that it is not merely the thinker, that it is not merely the editor, that it is not merely the moral reformer, but the idea has pervaded all classes of society. Call them madmen if you will. Hard to tell who's mad. The world says one man is mad. John Brown said the same of the Governor. You remember the madman in Edinburgh. A friend asked him what he was there for? "Well," said he, "they said at home that I was mad; and I said I was not; but they had the majority" (laughter). Just so it is in regard to John Brown. The nation says, He is mad. I appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober; I appeal from the American people drunk with cotton and the New York *Observer* (loud and long laughter) to the American people fifty years hence, when the light of civilization has had more time to penetrate, when self-interest has been rebuked by the world rising and giving its verdict on these great questions, when it is not a small band of Abolitionists, but the civilization of the nineteenth century that undertakes to enter the arena and discuss its last great reform. When that day comes, what shall be thought of these first martyrs, who teach us how to live and how to die?

Suppose John Brown had not stayed at Harper's Ferry; suppose on that momentous Monday night, when the excited imaginations of two thousand Charlestown people had enlarged him and his little band into 400 white men and 200 blacks, he had vanished, and when the gallant troops arrived there, 2,000 strong, they had found nobody! The mountains would have been peopled with enemies; the Alleghanies would have heaved with insurrection; you never would have convinced Virginia that all Pennsylvania was not armed and on the hills. Virginia has not slept sound since Nat Turner had an insurrection in 1831, and she bids fair never to have a nap now (laughter). For this is not an insurrection; this is the penetration of a different element. Mark you, it is not the oppressed race rising. Recollect history. There never was a race held in chains that absolutely vindicated its own liberty but one. There never was a serf nor a slave whose own sword cut off his own chain but one. Blue-eyed, light-haired Anglo-Saxon, it was not our race. We were serfs for three centuries, and we waited till commerce and Christianity, and a different law, had melted our fetters. We were crowded down into a villeinage which crushed out our manhood so thoroughly that we hadn't vigor enough to redeem ourselves. Neither did France, neither did Spain, neither did the Northern nor the Southern races of Europe have that bright spot on their escutcheon, that they put an end to their slavery. Blue-eyed, haughty, contemptuous Anglo-Saxons, it was the black—the only race in the record of history that ever, after a century of oppression, retained the vigor to write the charter of its emancipation with its own hand in the blood of the dominant race. Despised, calumniated, slandered San Domingo is the only instance in history where a race, with indestructible love of justice, serving a hundred years of oppression, rose up under their own leader, and with their own hands abolished slavery on their own soil. Wait, garrulous, vain-glorious, boasting Saxon, till we have done as much, before we talk of the cowardice of the black race.

The slaves of our country have not risen, but, as in all other cases, redemption will come from the interference of a wiser, higher, more advanced civilization on its exterior. It is the universal record of history, and ours is a repetition of the same scene in the drama. We have awakened at last the enthusiasm of both classes—those that act from impulse, and those that act from calculation. It is a libel on the Yankee to say that it includes the whole race, when you say that if you put a dollar on the other side of hell, the Yankee will spring for it at any risk (laughter); for there is an element even in the Yankee blood that obeys ideas—there is an impulsive, enthusiastic aspiration—something left to us from the old Puritan stock—that which made England what she was two centuries ago—that which is fated to give the closest grapple with the Slave Power to-day. This is an invasion by outside power. Civilization in 1600 crept along our shores, now planting her foot, and then retreating—now gaining a foothold, and then receding before barbarism—till at last came Jamestown and Plymouth, and then thirty States. Harper's Ferry is perhaps one of Raleigh's or Goswold's colonies, vanishing and to be swept away: by and bye will come the immortal one hundred and Plymouth Rock, with "MANIFEST DESTINY" written by God's hand on their banner, and the right of unlimited "ANNEXATION" granted by Heaven itself.

It is the lesson of the age. The first cropping out of it is in such a man as John Brown. He did not measure his means. He was not thrifty as to his method; he did not calculate closely enough, and he was defeated. What is defeat? Nothing but education—nothing but the first step to something better. All that is wanted is that this public opinion shall not creep around like a servile coward, and unbought, but corrupt, disordered, insane public opinion proclaim that Gov. Wise, because he *says* he is a Governor, *is* a Governor, that Virginia is a State because she says she is so.

Thank God, I am not a citizen. You will remember, all of you, citizens of the United States, that there was not a Virginia gun fired at John Brown. Hundreds of well-armed Maryland and Virginia troops that went there never dared to pull a trigger. *You* shot him! Sixteen marines, to whom you pay $8 a month—your own representatives. When the disturbed State could not stand on her own legs for trembling, you went there and strengthened the feeble knees and held up the palsied hand. Sixteen men, with the Vulture of the Union above them (sensation)—your representatives! It was the covenant with death and agreement with hell, which you call the Union of thirty States, that took the old man by the throat with a pirate hand; and it will be the disgrace of our civilization if a gallows is ever erected in Virginia that bears his body. "The most resolute man I ever saw," says Gov. Wise; "the most daring, the coolest. I would trust his truth about any question. The sincerest!" Sincerity, courage, resolute daring—Virginia has nothing, nothing for those qualities but a scaffold! (Applause) In her broad dominion she can only afford him six feet for a grave! God help the Commonwealth that bids such welcome to the noblest qualities that can grace poor human nature! Yet that is the acknowledgment of Gov. Wise himself!

They say it cost the officers and persons in responsible positions more effort to keep hundreds of startled soldiers from shooting the five prisoners sixteen marines had made, than it cost those marines to take the Armory itself. Soldiers and civilians—both alike—only a mob fancying itself a government! And mark you, I have said they were not a government. They not only are not a government, but they have not even the remotest idea of what a government is (laughter). They do not begin to have the faintest conception of what a civilized government is. Here is a man arraigned before a jury, or about to be. The State of Virginia, as she calls herself, is about to try him. The first step in that trial is a jury; the second is a Judge; and at the head stands the Chief Executive of the State, who is to put his hand to the death warrant before it can be executed; and yet that very Executive, who, according to the principles of the sublimest chapter in Algernon Sidney's immortal book, is bound by the very responsibility that rests on him, to keep his mind impartial as to the guilt of the person arraigned, hastens down to Richmond, hurries to the platform, and proclaims to the assembled Commonwealth of Virginia, "The man is a murderer, and ought to be hung." Almost every lip in the State might have said it except that single lip of its Governor; and the moment he had uttered these words, in the theory of the English law it was not possible to impannel an impartial jury in the Commonwealth of Virginia; it was not possible to get the materials and the machinery to try him according to even the ugliest pattern of English jurisprudence. And yet the Governor does not know that he has written himself down a *non compos*, and the Commonwealth that he governs supposes it is still a Christian polity. They have not the faintest conception of what goes to make up government. The worst Jeffries that ever, in his most drunken hour, climbed up a lamp-post in the streets of London would not have tried a man who could not stand on his feet. There is no such record in the blackest roll of tyranny. If Jeffries could speak, he would thank God that at last his name might be taken down from the gibbet of History, since the Virginia Bench has made his worst act white, set against the blackness of this modern infamy (applause). And yet the New York press daily prints the accounts of the trial. Trial! The Inquisition used to break every other bone in a man's body, and then lay him on a pallet, giving him neither counsel nor opportunity to consult one, and then wring from his tortured mouth something like a confession, and call it a trial. But it was heaven-robed innocence compared with the trial, or what the New York Press call so, that has been going on in startled, frightened Charlestown. I speak what I know, and I speak what is but the breath and whisper of the summer breeze compared with the tornado of rebuke that will come back from the Press of Great Britain, when they hear that we affect to call that a jury trial, and blacken the names *Judge* and *Jury* by baptizing these pirate orgies with such honorable appellations.

I wish I could say anything worthy of the great deed which has taken place in our day—the opening of the sixth seal, the pouring out of the last vial but one on a corrupt and giant institution. I know that many men will deem me a fanatic for uttering this wholesale vituperation, as it will be called, upon a State, and this indorsement of a madman. I can only say that I have spoken on this anti-slavery question before the American people twenty years; that I have seen the day when this same phase of popular opinion was on the other side. You remember the first time I was ever privileged to stand on this platform by the magnanimous generosity of your clergyman, when New York was about to bully and crush out the freedom of speech at the dictation of Capt. Rynders. From that day to this, that same braving of public thought has been going on from here to Kansas, until it bloomed in the events of the last three years. It has changed the whole face of the sentiment in these Northern States. You meet with the evidence of it everywhere. When the first news from Harper's Ferry came to Massachusetts, if you were riding in the cars, if you were walking in the streets, if you met a Democrat or a Whig or a Republican, no matter what his politics, it was a singular circumstance that he did not speak of the guilt of Brown, of the atrocity of the deed, as you might have expected. The first impulsive expression, the first outbreak of every man's words was, "What a pity he did not succeed! (Laughter.) What a fool he was for not going off Monday, when he had all he wanted! How strange that he did not take his victory and march away with it." It indicated the unconscious leavening of a sympathy with the attempt. Days followed on; they commenced what they called their trial; you met the same classes again; no man said he ought to be hung; no man said he was guilty; no man predicated anything of his moral position; every man voluntarily and inevitably seemed to give vent to his indignation at the farce of a trial—indicative again of that unheeded, unconscious, potent, but wide-spread, sympathy on the side of Brown.

Do you suppose that these things mean nothing? What the tender and poetic youth dreams to day, and conjures up with inarticulate speech, is to-morrow the vociferated result of public opinion, and the day after is the charter of nations. The sentiments we raise to intellect, and from intellect to character. The American people has begun to feel. The mute eloquence of the fugitive slave has gone up and down the highways and byways of the country; it will annex itself to the great American heart of the North, even in its most fossil state of its hunkerism, as a latent sympathy with its right side. This blow, like the first blow at Lexington, heard around the world—this blow at Harper's Ferry reveals men. Watch those about you, and you will see more of the temper and unheeded purpose and real moral position of men than you would imagine. This is the way nations are to be judged. Be not in a hurry; it will come soon enough from this sentiment. We stereotype matters into intellect and then into statutes, and finally into national character. We have got the first stage of growth. Nature's live growths crowd out and rive dead matter. Ideas strangle statutes. Pulse-beats wear down granite, whether piled in jails or capitols. The people's hearts are the only title-deeds, after all. Your Barnburners said, "Patroon titles are unrighteous." Judges replied, "Such is the law." Wealth shrieked, "Vested Rights!"—Parties talked of Constitutions—still, the people said "Sin." They shot a sheriff. A parrot press cried, "Anarchy"—Lawyers growled, "Murder"—still, nobody was hung, if I recollect aright. To-day, the *heart* of the Barnburner beats in the Statute-Book of your State. John Brown's movement against slavery is exactly the same. Wait awhile, and you'll all agree with me. What is fanaticism to-day is the fashionable creed to-morrow, and trite as the multiplication-table a week after.

Brown has stirred those omnipotent pulses—LYDIA MARIA CHILD's is one. She says, "That dungeon is the place for me," and writes a letter in magnanimous appeal to the better nature of Gov. Wise. She says in it, "John Brown is a hero; he has done a noble deed. I think he was all right; but he is sick; he is wounded; he wants a woman's nursing. I am an Abolitionist; I have been so thirty years. I think slavery is a sin, and John Brown a saint; but I want to come and nurse him; and I pledge my word that if you will open his prison-door, I will use the privilege, under sacred honor, only to nurse him. I inclose you a message to Brown; be sure and deliver it." And the message was, "Old man, God bless you. You have struck a noble blow; you have done a mighty work; God was with you; your heart was in the right place. I send you across five hundred miles the pulse of a woman's gratitude." And Gov. Wise has opened the door and announced to the world that she may go in. John Brown has conquered the pirate (applause). Hope! there is hope everywhere. It is only the universal history:

"Right forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne;
But that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

Do you suppose that these things mean nothing? What the tender and poetic youth dreams to day, and conjures up with inarticulate speech, is to-morrow the vociferated result of public opinion, and the day after is the charter of nations. The sentiments we raise to intellect, and from intellect to character. The American people has begun to feel. The mute eloquence of the fugitive slave has gone up and down the highways and byways of the country; it will annex itself to the great American heart of the North, even in its most fossil state of its hunkerism, as a latent sympathy with its right side. This blow, like the first blow at Lexington, heard around the world—this blow at Harper's Ferry reveals men. Watch those about you, and you will see more of the temper and unheeded purpose and real moral position of men than you would imagine. This is the way nations are to be judged. Be not in a hurry; it will come soon enough from this sentiment. We stereotype matters into intellect and then into statutes, and finally into national character. We have got the first stage of growth. Nature's live growths crowd out and rive dead matter. Ideas strangle statutes. Pulse-beats wear down granite, whether piled in jails or capitols. The people's hearts are the only title-deeds, after all. Your Barnburners said, "Patroon titles are unrighteous." Judges replied, "Such is the law." Wealth shrieked, "Vested Rights!"—Parties talked of Constitutions—still, the people said "Sin." They shot a sheriff. A parrot press cried, "Anarchy"—Lawyers growled, "Murder"—still, nobody was hung, if I recollect aright. To-day, the *heart* of the Barnburner beats in the Statute-Book of your State. John Brown's movement against slavery is exactly the same. Wait awhile, and you'll all agree with me. What is fanaticism to-day is the fashionable creed to-morrow, and trite as the multiplication-table a week after.

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*The Fourth Lecture of the Plymouth Course, delivered in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Tuesday evening, Nov. 1, 1859.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. XV.

WE must leave the Vertners for a while in their enjoyment of the Mammoth Cave and turn our attention to our humbler friends at Rachel's cottage. We have not looked in upon them since that memorable night when the worn-out and tried fugitive found shelter. No event, however, of special importance has occurred. The fugitive found homely comfort and kind care from Rachel, but was unable to continue her flight, as she knew that the whole neighborhood and county were on the alert for her capture. Rachel's fears were all forgotten when she found her sympathy and shelter so touchingly appealed to. Putting behind her the threats of Col. Vertner, she opened her heart and her home to the friendless runaway. She went now oftener to the village and moved about more familiarly with the people, trying to learn what they were going to do with her poor charge. On one occasion, when she went in to sell eggs, she gathered from chance talks that a scouting company had gone over to Indiana in search, and that Peter had been questioned about his wife's flight, and, when protesting that he knew not of her whereabouts, had been severely whipped. Moreover, she learned, with fear, that some idea was entertained that the fugitive had been secreted in the neighborhood, and a thorough scouring of the country was proposed. Of course, she knew that her house would be suspected and probably the first place examined. This filled her with fright, not so much for her own complicity in the affair as her apprehension for the safety of her *protégé*. Rachel had a kind, womanly heart, added to heroic courage and self-endurance. Slavery to her was odious; and for her own choice, she would have preferred death itself, by means of the overseer's whip, rather than live even in petted or pampered slavery. Her body was able to endure any amount of pain and ill-usage, encouraged, as it was, by such a high and indomitable spirit.

But now, when this village gossip, magnified, as it always is, by many repetitions, came to her in such a threatening form, she bethought herself of the best and safest means of protecting Maria.

One day, as they sat in the little inner room of the cabin, talking in a half-whisper, for they were obliged to be very cautious, fearing that scouts and spies might be lurking about the place, Rachel asked:

"Maria, if they were to take you, what would you do?"

The woman, who had been crouching down in the corner, close to Rachel's side, looked up, with terror written all over her face, and said:

"If dey takes me! Is dar any idea dat dey will?"

"You know, of course, that you are always in danger of being taken."

"Yes; but, Rachel, bas yer hearn anything dat makes you say dis here to me?"

"Don't be frightened. Keep your wits about you. You have, poor creature, need of all the senses God gave you. I did hear that the white people suspected that you were hidden somewhere in the neighborhood and meant to search. Of course, my cabin will be one of the first places to which they will come."

Maria, with wide-starting eyes, crept yet closer to Rachel's side, and laid her black hand firmly on Rachel's wrist, and, pausing for a moment, as if to refresh her courage, said,

"Rachel, dig a big hole in yer yard, dis night, and bury me alive in it, rader den sen' me back to be a slave."

The woman who uttered this sentiment had a black, weather-beaten, ill-favored, ill-featured face; was rough and rude of speech; but, at that moment, her spirit was as proud and great as that of many a white woman whose name has been enshrined and preserved as the boast of a nation; yet such is the blind and insane prejudice against color and race that what constitutes heroism in the white woman, in the negro is called heresy.

Rachel caught h